

SPORTS

A full-page photograph of a woman with short, dark, spiky hair, smiling broadly. She is wearing a one-piece swimsuit with a complex, swirling pattern in shades of brown, tan, and white. She is holding a white measuring tape around her waist with both hands. The background shows a blue ocean and a sandy beach with some palm trees in the distance under a clear sky.

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PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines



THE TENNIS-HAPPY PALMERS

Dr. Paul Palmer, Phoenix, Ariz. physician and surgeon, taught himself to play tennis and decided his five children should learn too. Years of patience in teaching them the basic fundamentals has produced for Dr. Palmer the makings of a real family tennis dynasty. His eldest, Patay, 13, has already won city and state women's titles and the National 13-and-Under Hard Court Singles Championship. Paul, 12, holds state and Southwest junior titles. Victoria, 9, is Southwest 15-and-Under champion and at 7 won the National 13-and-Under Hard Court Doubles. Six-year-old Abigail won her first tournament in December, a state 13-and-under title. Butch, 4, has been playing tennis 18 months; too young for tournaments, he is shown here building basic strokes.

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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Should women hunt?

NANCY BUCKLEY, secretary
Tampa, Florida



"Why not? I'd like to try it. I'm not the sloopy, sentimental type that thinks it's terrible to shoot birds or animals. What else are they good for? Hunting must be a great sport. I couldn't bait a hook with a worm. That's slimy. But I'd love to shoot a lightning-fast deer."

MOHAMMED REZA PANLEY
Shah of Iran



"That's more difficult to answer than a political question. If hunting is a sport, why shouldn't women enjoy it? Her Royal Highness, the Queen, hunts with me. She shoots birds. But the first time she saw me shoot a wild sheep, she wept. She wouldn't shoot a deer, nor would I want her to."

HER EXCELLENCY CLARE BOOTH LUCE
U.S. Ambassador to Italy



"Hunt what? Do you mean wild animals? Certainly, if they like the sport. Women hunters are as good shots as men. Some were famous. Don't you remember Annie Oakley? And Diana, Goddess of the Hunt? I've gone hunting with friends at various times. Frankly, I prefer bargain hunting."

L. C. HOWE, executive
Birmingham, Mich.



"Yes. They will understand the satisfaction men find in hunting. Women are great shots—the equals of men in marksmanship. Hunting offers good companionship and outdoor life at a time of year that is especially beautiful. It helps you appreciate nature. Why shouldn't women enjoy this experience?"

CONSTANCE BENNETT, movie star
Beverly Hills, Calif.



"Why certainly they should. How frustrating it would be to negate their natural prerogative. Even in the Stone Age, when their husbands protected them, women went hunting things like apples, so their husbands could eat. Hunting? I think the sport can be best defined in one word, women."

HOWARD C. WILL, corp. president
Syracuse, N.Y.



"Yes, if they can keep quiet. While hunting with a group, I got a bead on the biggest buck I ever saw. For once, my girl kept her mouth shut. I nailed him. The girl felt sad about such a beautiful animal being killed. So I proposed marriage to cheer her up. That's how she nailed me."

MRS. ROBERTA WATSON, homemaker
Nantuxnah, Greenland



"Certainly. Hunting is the most wonderful sport. My father used to take me pheasant hunting. But he never gave me a gun. He used me as a bird dog, to flush the birds out of the fields. When they flushed on my side, my father couldn't shoot, for fear of hitting me. How I wish I had a gun!"

MANLY MUMFORD, farmer
Geneseo Depot, Wis.



"No. Women get in the way. You have to help them and cater to them. Sometimes you wait to shoot without making a sound. Then you get a bead on a quail and the woman squeals. It doesn't scare the quail, but it sure as hell throws me off my bead. I feel like choking her. Women hunt? Yes, men."



"Yes, Hunting would give women a better balance and better understanding. It would also make them better sports. Basically, most women are poor sports. If a woman could learn to shoot a deer between the eyes, cut out the venison and dress it down, she'd be on her way to becoming a true sport."

GEN. JAMES A. VAN FLEET

U.S. Army, ret.



"Yes. Women are not the faint-hearted creatures so many of us think. Often they are more stout-hearted than men I've seen it in Greece and Korea. I've actually heard them say to their men: 'You carry this rifle or I will.' As hunters, women would be good sports. They'd follow the rules."

STUART L. MOORE managing director
Sara Sautel Hotel
Miami Beach



"Don't they always? Women are so intuitive they invariably corner their prey. And when they have made up their minds to do something they do it as well as men, if not better. I'm sure they'd be better hunters. Trouble is they'd soon kill off the few remaining animals."

NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:

There's been a lot of talk about anti-intellectualism. Are you anti-intellectual?



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HEALTH

HOW DO YOU WAKE UP?

Herewith seven basic types of morning risers. Which one you belong to depends on your temperament and temperature

WAKING up in the morning affects different people in different ways. To some, it can be a pleasure. To others, a necessary chore. For Monte Irvin, who rooms with Willie Mays when the Giants are on the road, awakening is more like a crisis. Early in the morning Willie leaps out of bed, douses Irvin with a glass of cold water, whacks him hard enough to cave in a rib and jumps on the bed yammering "Say, hey!" "Just being around Willie keeps me young and full of spirit," says Irvin wistfully, "but I wish he'd let me sleep a little longer."

If it is any consolation to Monte Irvin, it is Willie's nature to act this way because he is what is known as a "Cheerful Rise-and-Shiner" (left, below). At least, he would be placed in this category by Peter Siegle, psychologist for the Englemer Sleep Foundation, who last week came up with some eye-opening information on waking-up habits. After interviewing some 1,000 people, Siegle decided that the awakening human race could be classified into at least seven basic types.

At the top of the list is the time-stealer. This schemer sets his alarm an hour early just so he can turn it off and steal another 40 winks. Next in order are the griper, the groucher, the time-table planner, the automaton with the built-in alarm, the gadgeteer and, lastly, the evangelical rise-and-shiner.

During the past 20 years, according to Siegle, more and more people have

become matutinal dullards. This, apparently, is the fault of society. On one hand, we believe in the puritanical dictum that rolling in bed is a sign of laziness. On the other hand, we fondly regard remaining abed as a symbol of leisure. Moreover, if in many cases we're not downright unhappy at the prospect of going to work, we are at least apprehensive about the uncertainties of the coming day.

SOMETIMES IT'S A PLEASURE

When the day promises to be pleasurable, however, there's no problem whatsoever in getting up. A case in point is the bearish fellow who can't be dragged out of bed to go to work, but is up bright and cheerful to get in 18 holes of golf before Sunday lunch.

Getting up on workdays can be made easier, Siegle says, by organizing the morning into a routine, allowing ample time for dressing, an unhurried breakfast and planning the entire day as much as possible. "But not too rigidly," he cautions, "or you will feel as much anxiety about this as you do about the uncertainties."

Actually there are physical as well as psychological complications involved. Some people, for instance, are constitutionally night owls. Others are early birds, and still a third type combines both, being happily able to arise early and go to bed late. These matters have been the subject of considerable study by Nathaniel Kleitman, the

eminent expert on sleep of the University of Chicago, who concludes it is mostly a matter of the temperature of your body.

The "normal" body temperature is supposed to be 98.6°. Actually, if you charted your temperature every three hours for a week or so, you would see that it regularly shifts up and down

How some wake up in the morning

Betty Rutson is a demon. Up at dawn, gulping burning coffee, cheerfully waking anybody else who isn't.

Leo Little sets himself like an alarm clock. Always works, too.

Dave Garraway really has to be up early. At 3.45 he starts the day with jazz and manages to be cheerful.

Marge and Gower Champion have it tough. She's a rise-and-shiner; he's an admitted grouch. So she's trying to reform him.

Shelley Winters can't open her eyes without coffee. She fixes a thermostat every night to put beside the bed.

Zsa-Zsa Gabor—she won't talk.

during a day between 96.7° and 99°. When your temperature is high, you are wide awake and full of energy. When it is low, you are sluggish and listless.

The morning type bounds out of bed and arrives at the office bright-eyed because his temperature is highest before noon. But after lunch, it drops and his pep slowly cools off so that by night he's burned out. On the other hand, the evening type's thermostat doesn't begin to warm up until afternoon. This tends to slow him down until after lunchtime but brings him to a peak at night. That happy individual of the in-between group is blessed with two temperature peaks, one in the morning and the other in the evening. This starts him off bright and early, temporarily cools him off by mid-afternoon, then steams him up again for the evening.

Is it possible for one to change his temperature cycle to become, say, a night owl or an early bird? Dr. Kleitman and several other scientists believe so—and quite easily. It does involve a couple of weeks' effort. For example, 20 to 30 minutes of exercise in the morning can raise the body temperature enough to keep it up most of the working day. Ten minutes under a hot shower will do much the same. And caffeine in coffee proves an eye opener for many morning dullards. If you still can't manage in the morning, you can always consider becoming a night watchman.

(ENR)

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

TO DATE SI has printed more than 325 color pages. They have ranged from a prize ring in New York to the surf of Hawaii, and they have been a favorite subject of correspondence from our writing readers, among them one photographer who said, in commenting on the pictures of greyhounds in our Feb. 7 issue: "From the first I have admired your color photography, to the extent of being in awe of it. The greyhound shots

are as fine as anything I have ever seen, and the successful addition of color to the action produces an effect which amounts to giving another dimension to an already wonderful subject."

Action in color photography has finally come fully into its own in the period since World War II. Among the photographers outstandingly responsible for this are

two of SI's own: Hy Peskin, who brought a fresh and non-conforming approach to the whole subject of action-color in a series of brilliant studies during the forties; and Mark Kauffman, who, during the experimental phase of SI, developed an easily portable telephoto unit. Kauffman's unit, by increasing both maneuverability and penetration, carried the camera as far into the heart of any action as it is possible to go. Readers may recall his almost startling examples of this in the bull-fighting scenes in SI's Jan. 17 issue or the "inside-the-play" football pictures of the Sept. 27 and Nov. 15 issues.

This week's issue brings the bright enamels of midjet autos (page 19); next week, some of the nation's loveliest golf holes and professional basketball under the lights; in later issues, Florida's flamingos, free ballooning, wrestling, baseball and sailing.

The pictorial beauty of sport lies in its arenas, fields, and settings, which do not move; and in its action, which hardly seems to stop. Once the enjoyment of these things in their full color was limited to an instant flash before the eyes of immediate spectators. Now throughout the year the cameras of SI record for readers across the nation both the scenes and acts of sports, not only as they were in the flash of an instant but as they will timelessly and colorfully endure.

Harry Phillips



KAUFFMAN AND TELEPHOTO

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Basketball is heading into the home stretch. SI presents a gallery of some of the top collegiate stars, including San Francisco's fabulous Bill Russell

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For 16 grueling hours in a smoke-filled hotel room, the coaches and owners of the National Football League parcel out among themselves the pick of the college crop. An inside story by PIERRE ANDERTON

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It's a product of the supersonic age, so fast and so exact that a sneeze can cost a life—alone aerobically flying in jet airplanes. Here are its outstanding practitioners: the U.S. Navy's Blue Angels

40 THE DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL

A distinguished alumnae pays a visit to a famous frolic which has memories both happy and sad for him—and finds vigor and hope in a generation which is anything but disenchanted. A report and a reverie by BUDD SCHULBERG



COVER: Betty di Bagnano in Jamaica

Photograph by PHILIP O. STEARNS

It's a well-known quality of the islands of the Caribbean that once they work their charm on visitors they won't let them go. Betty di Bagnano, once a top New York model, more recently of Rome, is so in love with Jamaica that she is starting a sports-clothes business there. In a French bathing suit of Paisley cotton, she's photographed at sunset at Montego Bay's Round Hill. For more pictures from America's Riviera, see page 42-46.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW DANGEROUS IS WINTER BASEBALL?

Willie Mays got sick of baseball and Rube Gomez injured his pitching arm on the Caribbean circuit. Was it worth the risk to their major league play? A report with photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN

PRO BASKETBALL—FAST AND FLASHY

The inimitable spectacle of the shooting, jumping stars of the Minneapolis Lakers and New York Knicks **IN COLOR** by HY PERKIN

GOLF'S GREEN PASTURES

Among the real beauty spots of America are its golf courses—expertly designed, carefully landscaped in settings of natural loveliness. SI presents a portfolio of some outstanding courses **IN COLOR**

BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHOOLS

JAMES T. FARRELL tells how the young hopefuls prepare for the majors in Florida's baseball schools

PLUS: VANDERBILT STABLES—PAINTINGS IN COLOR; AND FISHING THROUGH THE ICE BY SIGURD OLSON

U.S. COLLEGES TAKE TO THE ICE

Some fifty colleges turn their enthusiasm for a great winter pastime into one of America's fastest-growing sports. Artificial ice has helped—so have hundreds of fine Canadian skaters

by WHITNEY TOWER

CANTON, N.Y.

THE THERMOMETER was dipping toward 10° below zero, but the attraction was hockey—college hockey—and the town of Canton, N.Y. (pop. 4,379) bulged last Saturday night with hockey fans who won't be put off by 10 below.

Some spectators drove from Watertown over 60 miles of icy roads. Others walked to the arena from campus dormitories and fraternities of St. Lawrence University (enrollment 1,250). On their way, hockey addicts passed the football field where the St. Lawrence Larries drew crowds of 2,000 last fall. They also passed the gym where, earlier in the week, the St. Lawrence basketball team trimmed the University of Rochester in the full view of less than 50 fans.

When St. Lawrence squared off against Boston College on the ice of the \$400,000 Appleton Arena Saturday night there were close to 3,500 in the stands to watch. Most of them saw the kind of game they came for. The Boston boys were fresh from a 3-2 victory over a strong Clarkson College team, but St. Lawrence went into a furious first-period offensive which gave the Boston goalie nothing but fits. The attack paid off after 17 minutes when a pair of 21-year-old Canadian boys, Leland Fournier and Ron O'Brien, scored for St. Lawrence within the space of eight seconds. Later in the game Bill Meehan from Arlington, Mass. and Paul Swancott from Rome, N.Y. also scored for the home team and the final score, much to the satisfaction of every citizen of Canton, was 4-1 in favor of Coach Olie Kollevoll's well-balanced Larries.

Had all this happened a few years ago it would have prompted nothing more stimulating than a few remarks

around New England to the effect that Boston College must have had an off night to have lost a game to little-known St. Lawrence. Today no such remarks are warranted. College hockey is one of the nation's growing sports and its "big league" is thriving. The sport is growing without help of any kind from Notre Dame, Ohio State, UCLA, Duke or Southern Methodist. None of these football powers indulge. Neither do such perennial basketball stalwarts as La Salle, Duquesne, San Francisco, Kentucky or Dayton.

HOCKEY FOR BIG AND LITTLE

Instead, the big league of college hockey is a curious geographical mixture—as it is in college basketball—of big-name universities such as Michigan, Minnesota and a few Ivy Leaguers and a handful of lesser-knowns—St. Lawrence, Clarkson, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (all in upper New York State), North Dakota, Michigan Tech and Colorado College. Artificial ice is being installed wherever hockey-minded students are enrolled—in recent months rinks have gone up at Amherst, Williams, MIT, Middlebury and Penn State. Still more are planned for Nebraska, Colgate and elsewhere where hockey has captured the imagination of sports-loving college officials and alumni.

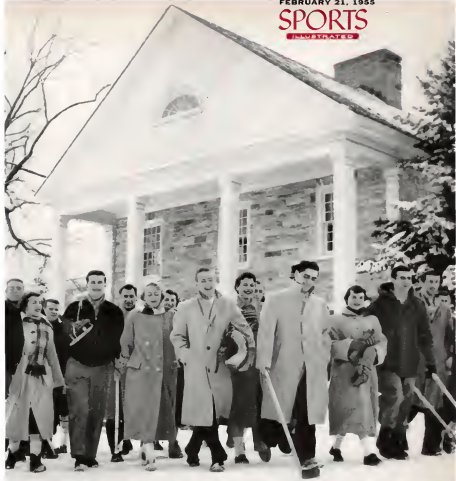
To many of these campuses are flocking hockey-crazy students from dozens of New England prep schools and from more than 300 hockey-playing high schools. Last year the three-day Minnesota state high school hockey championship drew a record 24,465 people to the St. Paul Auditorium.

If U.S. schools are helping to build hockey into a respectable position in the jealous hierarchy of college sports



CAMPUS HEROES of St. Lawrence University, only 18 miles from Cana-

by sending well-coached and enthusiastic skaters to the campuses of our colleges, this help is regarded in some quarters as strictly secondary. Of primary importance, say many who know the score of college hockey, is the annual invasion by hundreds of Canadian students, a good many of whom, by some fortuitous chance, also happen to be crackjack hockey players. Most of



dian border in Canton, N.Y., stroll happily to their afternoon practice session in com-

pany of enthusiastic cords who will sit at rinkside and watch them. This is a sight

at hockey-conscious schools that is rarely matched at big-time football colleges.

the Canadian boys on top U.S. teams are standouts. They should be. This is their game and they've been at it, in many cases, since the age of eight. Nevertheless, a hot debate over the invaders is already raging.

Last year, after his team was soundly whacked by Denver and Colorado (whose teams are loaded with Canadians), Harvard Coach Cooney Weiland

publicly moaned that Canadian athletes were ruining U.S. college hockey. He found a supporter a few weeks ago in Dartmouth Coach Eddie Jeremiah, who complained that the wholesale imports of Canadian stars to some colleges are making a farce out of the NCAA championships. A reply from the West came screeching in like a true slap shot. Johnny Mariucci, who coaches an all-

Minnesota-born team at Minnesota (as opposed to the all-Canadian team at Michigan) said: "Those Ivy League schools think their campuses stretch around the globe. If they get a boy from the North Pole to play hockey, he's there for an education. If we get a boy from Wisconsin to play hockey, he's a hired man. So long as the boys

continued on next page

get a little of that ivy on them they're all right." Colorado College officials quickly took up their cue and reminded Coach Jeremiah that Dartmouth—once the greatest power in U.S. college hockey—should not be so critical of other schools when its own National Championship ski team is led by stars from Japan (see page 46), Norway, South America and also Canada.

At 99-year-old St. Lawrence University which, along with Clarkson (11 miles away in Potsdam, N.Y.) and Harvard, leads the eastern teams, the Canadian controversy has nobody too upset. Canada is only 18 miles away. St.

they work hard too," says Coach Kollevoll. "Most important of all, though, is that people who criticize U.S. colleges for using Canadian hockey players are really on the wrong track. They ought to be thankful that Canadians are helping to make the game more popular in this country. Our players are improving all the time, and much of the credit should go to the Canadians for setting such good examples of how hockey should be played."

It is much the same story on other college hockey teams, although the Western League, whose teams are 90% Canadian-manned, are still being criticized for what one college president termed "an undue proportion of what looks like outright recruiting." In the West, Canadian boys seem to get along academically as well as they do at St. Lawrence. They also play some first-rate hockey, but they don't by any means draw all the headlines. At Minnesota there is a center—a local product from Eveleth named John Maynisch who has led the Western League in points for three years and in 22 games this season has scored 35 goals and 27 assists. An American player drawing top notices in the East is Harvard's junior center, Bill Cleary, a product of nearby Belmont Hill prep school.

Spectators will notice a few college rules that differentiate the game from that played by the professionals. For one thing, a team is allowed to body-check only in its own defensive zone (the pros can and do check anywhere they spot a foe). Another difference is the elimination of the center red line in college games. Both these rules have, for the most part, been favorably received by the college coaches, for they tend to open up the game somewhat. Fights are not unknown in college hockey circles, but they are infrequent. One of the reasons may be that when a college man gets thumbed off with a major penalty, he gets thumbed out of the game for good—an occurrence which would find many a professional game winding up with only two sullen goalies glaring at each other from opposite ends of the rink.

Next month (March 10-12) the four top hockey teams in the U.S. will battle it out for the NCAA title on the ice of the Broadmoor rink at Colorado Springs. From the strong Western League, almost sure to go is league-leading Colorado College, which has 18 Canadians on the squad. The second Western spot will likely go to either North Dakota, Minnesota or Michigan.

From the East the two invitations will almost certainly be split among St. Lawrence (14-3-1), Clarkson (15-2) and Harvard (10-2-1). One of the St. Lawrence defeats came at the hands of Harvard earlier in the season, and after Cooney Weiland's disparaging remarks about the Canadian ruin of U.S. college hockey, it was ironic indeed that Harvard's winning goal against St. Lawrence was scored by one Terry O'Malley—the only Canadian on Weiland's Harvard team (and one of only five Canadians in the Ivy's pentagonal hockey league). Terry O'Malley, it seems, reached Harvard with a well-timed assist from the Harvard Club of Buffalo and without a body check from Weiland because he happened to be at the top of his class in St. Catherine, Ontario and, as a matter of fact, the scholastically third-highest man in the entire province.

SEASON'S LIVELY ENDING

No matter who goes to Colorado Springs for a crack at the title won last year by an underdog RPI sextet which knocked off both Michigan and Minnesota, the next few weeks are going to see plenty of lively action on many college fronts. In the West, crowds of 5,000 will not be uncommon. When North Dakota plays Minnesota, special trains take 300 loyal rooters into Gopher Land from Grand Forks to cheer for victory over a college that wouldn't consider scheduling a football game with such a rank upstart. At Troy, N.Y., defending NCAA Champion RPI will draw, as it nearly always does for home games, 6,000 fans for the traditional game against St. Lawrence on March 5.

Elsewhere the 50-odd colleges which play varsity hockey will also be winding up the season before the biggest crowds in history. And some, looking for a future all-expense trip to the Broadmoor, will be busy plotting. They may note, for instance, that last year Michigan, which lost over \$12,000 on baseball and track, took in \$22,000 on hockey. The haul was \$25,000 at North Dakota and \$70,000 at Minnesota. U.S. college officials may be reminded, as they trek off to scout the high school tournaments, of what Princeton Coach Dick Vaughan said a few years ago: "We definitely have players as good as the Canadians, but we don't have as many." With this in mind, they may alter course for the far reaches of the Canadian junior leagues, where hundreds of kids are waiting to swap their talent for a scholarship and a free education. (END)



CANADIAN Brian McFarlane, St. Lawrence captain, relaxes after win over BC.

Lawrence is the nearest American liberal arts college to Ottawa (80 miles away) and, as President Eugene Garrett Bewkes sees it, "Why shouldn't Canadians come to U.S. colleges if they meet the scholastic requirements? We also have students here from France, Spain and Finland. We are not in a position to give grant-in-aid scholarships as generously as some colleges, and we certainly don't go out recruiting."

Of the 31 Canadians enrolled at St. Lawrence today, eight are on the 19-man hockey squad. Only three of the six starting players are Canadians. One of them—an All-East team selection last season—is Captain Brian McFarlane, who is currently carrying an average of three A's and two B's as an English major. Goalie Bill Sloan, who turned back 29 shots against Boston College, owns a straight A average in mathematics. "They play hard, but



RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE'S defending NCAA championship hockey team has nine Canadians on its



17-man squad. Games at Troy, N.Y. are played in this converted Navy hangar, and 6,000 fans turn out to see top eastern teams.



UNIVERSITY OF DENVER team is almost entirely Canadian-manned and is now tied for third place in the powerful Western



League. Denver (white jerseys) is shown on home rink in game with North Dakota, a rising collegiate hockey power in the West.



NORTH DAKOTA'S roster includes nine Canadians on 15-player squad. The team is given good chance of representing the



West in the coming NCAA championships at the Broadmoor rink (above) where ND is seen against top-ranking Colorado College.



BILL RUSSELL of San Francisco is 6 feet 10 inches tall and excels on defense. He has averaged 20 rebounds per game, kept the middle closed to San Francisco opponents but drawn very

few personal fouls. He has averaged 29 points a game. A natural athlete, Russell shows great promise of being a track star; in his first attempt last summer he high-jumped 6 feet 7 inches.

TOURNAMENT TIME APPROACHES

Basketball teams make their final bids for national honors and show off their stars

COLLEGE basketball is now heading into the home stretch with major conference teams battling for the top honors which carry a bid to the National Collegiate Athletic Association Tournament, while schools outside of conference are eligible for NCAA member-at-large consideration or bids to

the National Invitation Tournament. Chief surprise of the season has been the University of San Francisco, the nation's Number One team. Mainly responsible for this success, which has earned the Dons an NCAA berth, are a skillful revival of the defensive art by Coach Phil Woolpert and the play

of Bill Russell, whose shooting is surpassed only by his ball hawking.

Less surprising has been the superiority of Kentucky, La Salle, UCLA and Utah, all probably tournament bound.

Below, SI presents another gallery (SI, Jan. 31) of players currently making the headlines of the sports pages.



ART RUNTE of Utah is 6 feet 3 inches, plays post for Skyline Eight leaders, set new Skyline record of 43 points in one game.



JACK TWYMAN of Cincinnati, which is NIT bound, is 6 feet 6 inches, is fine rebounder, has averaged 25 points a game.



GEORGE BONSALE of Illinois is 6 feet 7 inches, plays pivot, best shot is his two-hand jump from about 10 feet out.



DARRELL FLOYD of Furman is 6 feet 1 inch, has averaged 35 points a game, boasts a high shooting percentage of 44.



DON BOLDEBECK of Houston is 7 feet, excels with right-hand hook, has snared average of about 18 rebounds a game.



MAURICE STOKES of St. Francis (Loretto, Pa.) is 6 feet 6 inches, has scored over 2,000 points in four seasons of play.



JERRY HARPER of Alabama is 6 feet 8 inches, is very good rebounder, has averaged 21 points a game, can hit from outside.



DICK BOUSHKA of St. Louis is 6 feet 5 inches, has excellent one-hand jump shot, is fine defensive player, good rebounder.



WILLIE NAULLS of UCLA is 6 feet 5 inches, leads UCLA in scoring, is key to defense and backboard control of his team.



BOB BURROW of Kentucky (southeastern conference leaders) is 6 feet 7 inches, is deadly with turn-around jump, tip-ins.



DICK GARMAKER of Minnesota is 6 feet 3 inches, has averaged almost 25 points per game, is a very versatile shot.



TERRY RAND of Marquette (NCAA bound) is 6 feet 8 inches, is most effective with jump-and-turn shot, is sharp on defense.



OVER AND UNDER THE ICE . . .

WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE of the Wisconsin capitol dome in downtown Madison, sleek Skeeter Class iceboats whip at mile-a-minute speeds around a diamond-shaped course in one of America's oldest and most venerated winter sports. Indeed, before anybody was ingenious enough to invent racing cars, speedboats and aircraft, iceboating was about the only way a real speed demon could experience the thrill of going a mile a minute. Speed is still a major factor in the sport's appeal.

Thanks to a succession of sturdy cold fronts whistling out of Canada, the 1955 winter has brought the iceboats out on lakes all over the northern tier of the U.S. Madison's Four Lakes Ice Yacht Club played host to 50 of the 450-pound Skeeters in international class championship competition on Lake Monona, and even in the East, where relatively mild winters have prevailed recently, long-suffering iceboaters are looking forward to a renewal of the Eastern Ice Yachting Association championships.

Muffled thoroughly in foul-weather gear as protection against biting winds, iceboat sailors will haul their craft hundreds of miles on car top or trailer to compete with each other. They range in age from subteens to veterans in their 50s, all bent on the thrill that comes with speeds that can frequently approach 100 mph on downwind runs.



SKEETER PILOTS, snugly dressed, discuss their exploits on Lake Monona before International Skeeter Association races.



... IN A GREAT WINTER FOR IT



ICEBOUND SKIN DIVER backs away from underneath at ice cover on Mt. Tom Pond, testing time required to chop escape hole.

THESE ADVENTUROUS CITIZENS, bundled eerily in rubber swimsuits, are an advance-guard type of skin diver. They are preparing to descend into 35 feet of 36° water on Connecticut's icebound Mt. Tom Pond. Skin diving under ice has been going on for several years among a few hardy folk of the northeastern U.S., but the high cost of protective suits has kept it from becoming a contagion. Equipped with regulation breathing apparatus, two skin divers and a photographer climbed down a ladder and prowled the water for two hours. Outside of numbed faces, they reported no ill effects. The suits kept them warm.

The results of the foray were otherwise disappointing. The divers didn't see much. Visibility was poor—only six to 10 feet. No fish were spotted. Skin diving the year round, while certainly possible in cold winter weather, seemed hardly worth-while compared to what the diver can see at this time of year in warmer waters.

The divers found some other sobering thoughts about under-ice skin diving. Each man had to go below with an umbilical-like rope attached to him so he could find his way back to the hole in the ice. They also chopped an experimental escape hole in the five-inch ice cover and found it required 10 minutes. In case of breathing-apparatus failure, that would be more than enough time for a man to drown.

BASKETBALL: THREE CAMERA FRIEZES



1 REF ENRIGHT: WATCHES PLAY TAKE SHAPE KEEPS UP WITH FAST BREAK RELAXES DURING TIME-OUT POINTS OUT VIOLATION



2 CHEERER CHARLENE HULS WHOOPS AS OGOEN HIGH SCORES



WAMMET HIGH FANS BEG THEIR TRAILING TEAM FOR A RALLY

3 COACH STAN CULP STARTS OFF RELAXED FLAILS FLOOR WITH TOWEL AT BAD BREAK FORGETS TOWEL DURING DEEP THOUGHT



The camera catches a rhythmic referee, impassioned pretty girls, and a towel-twisting coach at 1) a Notre Dame-Illinois game, 2) a Champaign County (Ill.) tourney and 3) a Wheeling high school game



SIGNALS PERSONAL FOUL



GETS AHEAD OF PLAY



PEERS TOWARD SCORES



INDICATES "NO BASKET"



OBSERVES TOSS



SWEATER-CLAD RANTOUL DRESS-ALIKES HAVE A TENSE MOMENT



RANTOUL CHEERLEADER GEANNA IRLE YELLS ENCOURAGEMENT

EXHORTATION BRINGS MOP-UP MOTION



TOWEL FLOPS UNDER BENCH MOMENTARILY



LOSER CULP WEARS MANTLE OF MOURNING

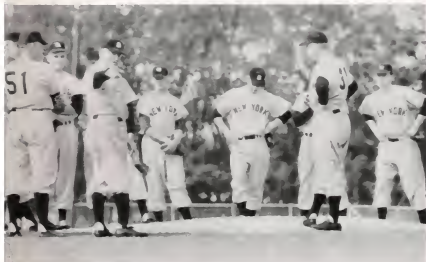


OL' CASE TAKES THE YOUNG'UNS ASIDE

CHARLES DILLON STENGEL set up shop in St. Petersburg, Fla. last week, fully three weeks before the major league training season begins, to look over 30-odd young baseball players who hope some day to take permanent possession of the revered New

York Yankee uniforms they are now wearing. Most of the youngsters whose eyes follow Casey's admonitory finger will return to Yankee farm clubs when the established players report March 1. But Stengel is overlooking nothing. A year ago in a similar look-see session

at Miller Huggins Field, the Yankees spotted a young pitcher named Bob Grim who came to the majors and won 20 games, along with Rookie-of-the-Year honors. With Allie Reynolds retired and Johnny Sain threatening to, Casey could sure use another Bob Grim.



SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD A. HANDLER

SMALL HANDS TAKE THE WHEEL

California youngsters move up to the starting line in the world's smallest racing cars. Their gasoline engines take them around the tight track at speeds up to 25 mph

THE minimum age for a driver's license in California is 16, but on this private $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile track at Anaheim, near Los Angeles, kids 3 to 12 years away from being allowed on the road zip around in low-slung racing cars that look like they would be right at home in the Indianapolis 500. Figuratively the Anaheim racers would just about fit in Bill Vukovich's coat pocket for they are specially designed for small fry with hot rods in their hearts.

Powered by a Continental, four-cycle, nine-cubic-inch gasoline engine, the tiny cars use direct drive and with the pedal jammed to the

floor by an adroitly lead-footed youngster have hit 25 mph. Despite this relatively high speed and the tender age of the drivers, mothers view the proceedings at the Anaheim Jelly Bean Bowl calmly. Rigid safety precautions—i.e., crash helmets, wheel spans which eliminate any possibility of a car turning over, safety belts, and shatter-proof goggles—bar injury. Fathers, many of whom have raced midget or big cars, taste the exquisite joy of putting together the small cars, either from scratch with special kits or with major components, such as body and frame, already assembled, at a cost of \$300 to \$1,000.



SPECTACLE *continued*

The minutes before the big race begins are tense ones. A few drivers with nerves of steel chatter aimlessly; others reach for a chew of candy to steady their nerves; some seek further instructions and encouragement from their pitmen (their parents). Suddenly the starter's flag goes down: the racers are off in a haze of exhaust fumes and dirt



GIRL DRIVER Donna Richards, 8, patiently waits for the race to begin while her father, Earl, kneels beside the tiny car.



CRACKER-JACK CHAW settles tant nerves of driver Bobby Parks, 6, who stands beside his car in pit area, watching a race.



ROUNDING A TURN at start of main event, Jimmy Caruthers, 9, in car 7 takes the lead. Jimmy won the race, received a small cup for his efforts. His father, Doug, is the founder of the Quarter Racing Association.



BEFORE-THE-RACE CHAT occupies driver Dick Raab Jr., 3, and Bobby Olivero, 6, who straddles car's hood. Dick is already strapped in his seat.



INSTRUCTIONS from his father are received by Bobby Olivero with the cocky assurance of a veteran.





BACK STRAIGHT-AWAY is setting for duel in main event. Jimmy Caruthers in car 7 continues to hold his lead while Don

Henderson, 18, in car 88 tries desperately to catch him before second turn. Spectators look on behind fence in background.



CONSOLATION is offered to Danny Caruthers, 4, by Monte Smit, 7, after Danny recorded poor qualifying time in a heat.



BLUE RIBBON for taking third place in slow cars race is held up proudly by Danny, who is youngest driver in the association.

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS FACE UP TO SOME TRICKY QUESTIONS ABOUT IKE'S

SHOOTING, FIND A HUMAN RABBIT IN A QUESTIONABLE FRAME OF

MIND, AND FILE A FISHING COMPLAINT WITH GOVERNOR HERTER

In re quail query:

AFTER SEVERAL days of analyzing the news from the Kremlin, Eric Sevareid of CBS cleared his throat one night last week and took up another topic, one which also was occupying the thoughts of the President of the United States.

The topic was quail, which the President was pursuing on the 10,000-acre plantation of the Secretary of the Treasury, George M. Humphrey, near Thomasville, Ga. Sevareid's was an analysis tinged with the flavor of a sweet-sour grape because the quail season in Virginia, where he does his hunting, is over. He paid tribute, nevertheless, to the quail—"a bird of character, a noble bird."

"It has dignity," he said, "and settled habits. You can depend upon the quail, except that sometimes it will flush at your feet with a paralyzing roar of wings. The quail is a monogamous bird. This is a pity, for otherwise, presumably, there would be more quail, for presidents and commoners; but it means you can shoot cock or hen, indiscriminately, which is a good thing because they are too fast and too much alike to differentiate, anyway."

"I must say today's dispatches from Georgia are distressingly incomplete. We know the President is using a 20-gauge double gun. This is the mark of a true uncountrified quail man. The 20 has plenty of power and pattern for quail. It is light and short, for quick swinging in briar patch and woods, where the canny quail is bound to lead the President a scratchy and exciting chase. But there the dispatches leave off; not a word about whether the President is a snap shooter or takes his time and is content with one bird per flush; not a line on whether he works around between covey and woods to try the tricky overhead shots; not a word as to whether he uses the swing-through system or the pointing-out system when he pulls the trigger."

"Well, the White House correspondents under Truman weren't required to study Chopin, so I suppose we can't force them to take up upland gunnery. Still, it would be a help. A million

fellow sufferers like myself are getting edgy waiting to find out if the President uses No. 8 shot or 9, high speed or standard, an improved cylinder with a modified barrel, or a modified with a full."

For Sevareid and his million fellow sufferers here are the answers:

Ike is good at the snap shot but he is not ordinarily a snap shooter. He follows the bird and shoots at about 30 yards. He is quite content with one bird per covey and, in fact, one of the conservation rules followed at Secretary Humphrey's plantation requires that no more than three birds be killed from any covey. Thus the covey remains intact and can be hunted again.

"I like to find the singles," the President says. "Coveys scare me."

He is not one of shooting's bored experts, so he does not "work around between covey and woods to try the tricky overhead shots." On the other hand he has been seen to make the shot and do it well.

The President leads the bird, swinging the gun along its flight path, then fires.

On this trip he used No. 7½ and No. 8 shot but not No. 9 because toward the end of the hunting season the birds are experienced. They get up and away faster than first-of-the-season birds, so heavier, more effective shot is indicated. The shells were standard, not high speed.

In addition to the 20, which is a side-by-side double, Ike brought along his .410 over-and-under. The 20 is

equipped with two sets of barrels but he left the long-barrel, full-choke set in Washington. The short-barrel set is bored with an open right barrel, left barrel modified—same setup as on the .410. Both guns were gifts and of foreign make. Engraved on the 20 are a turkey, a five-star emblem and the name "Dwight D. Eisenhower."

The rabbit

IN the last three weeks a curious sort of fame has descended upon a tall, dark-haired young man named Dick Olsen, and with it a nickname that could stick to him for life. As the pace setter in the last three indoor mile contests between Wes Santos and Gunnar Nielsen and Freddy Dwyer he has contributed directly to two world records, and has become as familiar to track addicts as the famous principals themselves. But the glare of the limelight in Madison Square Garden has almost burned away his identity. Few spectators in this winter's huge indoor crowds know or remember that he was last year's intercollegiate champion at the mile. He is now far more widely known as The Mechanical Rabbit.

The whole thing has happened to him so quickly that Olsen still speaks of it in rather bemused tones—something like a sleepwalker who has just been awakened and informed that he holds the world record for swallowing goldfish. The Rabbit built from Cranston, R.I. and is a fifth-year business student at Boston's Northeastern University. As such he is ineligible this year for college competition. And although he enjoys running and trained hard this winter (mostly in the evening or during his lunch hour) he had scant hope of competing in the big indoor meets.

"Let's face it," he says with a grin. "I did run a 4:13 mile last spring and I've managed to cut five or six seconds off my time every year. But even if I did that I wouldn't be competing with these four-minute fellows. I was invited to run against Nielsen and Dwyer in the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus meet but I only did 4:14 and

continued on next page



INTO THE WILD BLUE

Scramble, pilots!

Carry your maps;

Broad jumper didn't

Lower his flaps.

—Barney Hutchison

they told me that they didn't think they'd want me in the Boston Athletic Association meet, where they'd have Santee in the race."

As the winter season developed, however, it became obvious to the promoters that a fast early pace was going to have to be instilled into the Santee-Nielsen competition to produce anything like record time. Santee won in Philadelphia in a lamentable 4:10.5. Nielsen won in Washington with a tremendous finish, but did well to get home in 4:09.5. Pacemakers for the Santees, the Bassmasters, the Nielsens, however, do not grow on trees. Like playing a good piano accompaniment, pacing takes talent—speed, strength and an exquisite ability to estimate the time for each early lap, and stick to it rigidly, thus giving the record-breaker-to-be a sort of human clock to guide by.

In the light of all this Ollen suddenly seemed like an extremely attractive commodity, and a few days before the big meet in Boston Garden, he received a belated invitation to compete in the mile—provided he was willing to run the first quarter in something like 57 seconds and the half in two minutes flat. He agreed. He ran the first quarter in 56.7 and the half in exactly two minutes and Santee, with this jet assist, broke the world's indoor record with 4:03.8. Ollen had hardly caught his breath before officials of New York's Millrose A.A. had him by the elbow and were inviting him to pace the Wanamaker Mile in Madison Square Garden. This time his half was 2:00.6 and Nielsen broke Santee's week-old mark.

By the time last week's Baxter Mile was run in New York Ollen seemed almost as much a functionary as the starter and the timers. And the race dramatized his usefulness: instead of following Ollen's pace, Santee burst ahead in the first quarter towing Nielsen with him and both men ran themselves so thoroughly out of steam that Freddy Dwyer led them to the tape by more than 60 yards. Ollen, all things considered, didn't mind Wes Santee having taken over The Rabbit's role.

"I like running in these big meets," he says, "and I'm glad to help with the pace. But it doesn't seem quite like running the mile. These pacing races are . . . well, I'd just rather be known as a miler."

Clamor on Cape Cod

For the last six years or so, in an effort to publicize the delights of fishing along its storied shores, the State of Massachusetts has engraved a handsome silver Revere bowl, known as the Governor's Trophy, with the name of the man or woman who wins its annual Striped Bass Derby. In order to display the trophy permanently at

the State House it also presents the lucky fisherman with a duplicate bowl to keep for life. Last week as a result, a governor of Massachusetts (in this case Governor Christian Herter) found himself reduced, for the first time in recorded history, to a state of deep political embarrassment by a sea worm.

It mattered not that the worm in question had been dead for a matter of five months—ever since one John Julius Glogg, a vacationing telephone lineman boss from Huntington, L.I., put it on a hook, cast it into the surf near North Truro, and caught a 59½-pound striper with it. The time lag, in fact, made things worse. For a fortnight ago at a ceremonial dinner in Boston, Massachusetts formally presented the Governor's Trophy to the wrong man.

John Julius Glogg was not pleased to learn that the Derby had been won by Wallace Pinkham of Vineyard Haven, Mass., with a fish which scaled only 55 pounds, 9½ ounces. Glogg had paid his \$1 fee to enter the Bass Derby,



before landing his sea-going monster, had weighed it before witnesses at Fowler's Tru-Haven Tackle Shop in North Truro and had gone to the trouble of having it stuffed afterward. Its picture had been printed in newspapers all over the U.S., and it had won him a \$200 defense bond from the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce and a pin from *Field & Stream* magazine. But he wanted the trophy too—so much so that he sat down last week, wrote an indignant telegram to Governor Herter, and slapped down \$5.32 to have it sent. This moved the state to an explanation—but one which simply heated the coals of controversy. Len Bigelow, general representative of the Department of Commerce, protested that he had not found out about Glogg's fish until the Governor's Trophy had been engraved with Pinkham's name. This admission that the state had known of Glogg's feat before the award, maddened Glogg's supporters.

"Everybody in the whole U.S. knows that John Julius Glogg caught a bigger striper than Pinkham!" bawled Arthur C. Parick, a member of the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce. "My God, there were pictures of Glogg's fish in every newspaper in the country. You'd think that Bigelow fellow up in Boston would have seen it." Bigelow announced that he had sent out a letter asking for entries on Dec. 7 and had received no reply. "What letter?" replied the Provincetown hearties. "We never got any letter—we sent the record of Glogg's fish to Boston in September." They gathered at the local

Western Union office forthwith for an indignation meeting, and a letter-of-protest drafting bee.

At the weekend that was how matters stood—and just what the state could do, beyond awarding a second trophy, was difficult to foresee. But if the governor's ears burned and if his political influence waned on Cape Cod, he had at least one thing for which to be thankful—the clamor over Glogg's fish drowned, at least temporarily, the moans of one Frank Mularezyk, a New Bedford loomfixer, who caught a 66-pound 4-ounce bass on June 4, but was ineligible for the trophy because he had neglected to register before landing it.

Golf made tough

When the U.S. Golf Association not long ago chose the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, as the site of the June 16-18 1955 Open, the 825 golfing members took it as a stoutly deserved compliment. Nobody knew better than they how sharply their 6,433-yard Lake Course could test and bedevil a man. They could hardly wait to see the Sneads and Hogans come to grief over the same problems club members had been battling for years.

But it was not to be. The club pro and several of its top amateurs decided the Lake Course needed a face lifting to enchant the visiting specialists. Even the fact that Byron Nelson in his heyday, leading the field by seven strokes, had been able to carve only one stroke off par in four rounds was immaterial. The layout needed modernizing and change, the officials decreed.

The first sign of change was the arrival of the renowned golf course architect, Robert Trent Jones. Jones was soon followed by bulldozers growing and grunting their way through



the woods to lengthen the already forbidding fairways, to dig new traps and widen old ones. It was very soon evident that the mowers were neglecting wide swathes of fairway—fairway that had never seemed wide enough but was now being narrowed to less than 42 yards.

As the landscaping began to take shape, the Olympians shuddered at some of the sights they saw as they stroked their tentative way around this new horror. The fourth, for instance. Here on a 406-yard dog-leg to the left, a booming drive through a narrow tunnel of trees used to put you in a fair way for a lucky par four if a perfect three iron, hit bland and uphill, caught the green. Now the bulldozers were burrowing deep into the trees

behind the tee to carve out an added 30 yards. That blind second shot to the green, henceforth required more divine guidance than plain luck.

Or the seventh. Here was a nice 270-yard uphill hole where the belabored fellow could always figure on his par four if he behaved himself. So what do they do? They let the rough grow for the first 210 yards, leaving a fairway shaped like a dewdrop and about the same size—27 yards long and 25 yards wide. Between that and the newly humpbacked green was a yawning trap to catch the oversized drive or the undersized chip.

Or the 16th. At 570 yards this crescent-shaped fairway was always three full woods for any but the nervy or lucky golfer who shaved the trees on the left with each blow. Jones extended the hole another 30 yards and dug a vicious trap in front of the green to protect it against that long third shot with a spoon. If you could one-putt it you might get your par five, but how else?

And the 17th. This reasonable par five got a new tee 25 yards ahead of the old one but off to the side to sharpen the dog-leg. With a mere 461 yards left they called it a par four. Nothing to it if you could slap out a 250-yard drive and follow it with a perfect 210-yard wood smack on the green. Anything else would be disastrous.

The officials who were preparing to welcome the nation's top golfers to the 56th Open called it modernizing. Around the 19th hole at the Olympic Club they are calling it plain murder. The way they look at it now, they would just as leave the golfing fathers had paid their compliment to someone else's course.

Pronation and supination

DR. FORREST CLARE (PHOG) ALLEN decided to become a basketball coach in 1908, ignoring the advice of Dr. James Naismith, the founder of the game. "But, Forrest," the older man protested, "you can't coach the game of basketball. It's meant to be played, not coached."

Phog Allen has spent the intervening years disproving the dictum. In his first year on the bench he coached both Baker University and Kansas U., guiding the latter to a conference title. The next year, when Haskell Institute became the third team in his stable, Kansas again won a championship. But it wasn't until 1920 that Phog settled down in Lawrence for good and devoted his talents to making Kansas the spiritual headquarters of basketball.

The teaching technique of Phog Allen is as fierce and unconventional as the man himself. "You just do the playing," he tells his boys. "I'll do the fighting and talking." In practice he lathers his players with phrases they hear in their sleep: "Guard as if your

arms were cut off at the elbows. . . . The knees are the only springs in the body—bend them! . . . Pass at angles, run in curves." When philosophizing on the game he will use such terms as "pronation" and "supination" to describe hand and wrist action, and he likes to teach a "stratified transitional man-for-man defense with zone principles."

Allen's advice and opinions are trumpeted in the tones that brought him his nickname. During Phog's early coaching days at Kansas a student sportswriter heard him umpiring a baseball game and promptly dubbed him "Foghorn." Soon the label was bastardized to "Phog" by a scribe named Ward (Pinhead) Coble who decided he wanted "to doll it up."

Not so with Phog's fantastic record. Allen is the only college basketball coach anywhere whose teams have won more than 700 games—his over-all record standing at 752 won and 220 lost. He has won or shared 31 conference titles at Kansas, finished worse than second only nine times in 44 seasons. KU has been in six of the 16 NCAA play-offs since they started in 1939, reaching the finals three times, and winning once—in 1952.

It's not easy to find a satisfactory tribute for a man of Phog Allen's stature, but his friends in Kansas have worked out a couple of ideas. Last week the legislature passed a special resolution permitting Allen to remain on the KU payroll for three years past the mandatory retirement age of 70, which he reaches next November. Although the university is not sure it can arrange this extension, it has another honor ready. The new \$2.5 million athletic plant, with its 17,000-seat basketball gym, will be christened Allen Fieldhouse, defying a tradition that no KU

buildings should be named for living men. It is a reasonable concession to a man whose athletes have already worn out two gymnasiums during his coaching career.

They will tell you in Kansas that where Phog Allen is, controversy can't be far behind. So it was in 1944 when Phog first warned that gamblers were toying with college basketball. "Allen's hogwash," was the retort of Nat Holman, whose CCNY players were caught deep in the mire of the subsequent scandal six years later. While press and rival coaches accused Allen of losing faith in basketball and American youth, he stuck to his guns and had the net satisfaction of being proved correct.

Lately Phog Allen has again raised the storm warnings on gambling. During a TV interview in Topeka he told of an attempt by "a big elgar" to fix the referee of a recent Midwestern game (the referee has since denied it). "Gambling is again rearing its ugly serpentine head and threatening basketball," Phog thundered over the air. "The same guys that used to be in this ugly business are back in it. They're just a little more coy and careful now. And there are teams right now that are in business for themselves, and nobody else."

Before he bows out of basketball, Phog Allen would like to see the colleges appoint an athletic czar to police such evils as gambling. "Unless we have enforcement," he has warned, "some more fine American kids are going to be dragged into the slime." Not that Dr. Forrest Clare Allen believes in babying athletes; after all, he sometimes gets his teams in the right mood for a game by showing them movies of a mongoose and a cobra fighting to the death.



"All right, Sir Edmund Hillary—dinner's ready."



GEORGE HALAS (with stars)

RED STRADER (dark suit)

PHIL BENGSTON (light)

GEORGE MARSHALL

VIC MORABITO

BERT BELL

RED HICKEY

PAY-OFF FOR THE PROS

by PIERS ANDERTON

SUPPOSE that you own a business worth \$1 million and suppose that in the space of one day each year you have to sit down with your closest competitors and make several decisions that could conceivably ruin you utterly and for good.

This might be a nightmare, but it is exactly the situation that confronts all the owners of clubs in the National (professional) Football League every January when they gather with their coaching staffs to divide among themselves the fresh crop of football players whose classes will graduate from college the following June.

This year, for the San Francisco 49ers there were shadows to add to the nightmare. Owners Tony and Vic

Morabito had fired their long-time coach Buck Shaw at the end of last season after the highly rated 49ers failed for the second successive year to win the championship. In Shaw's place they had hired Norman (Red) Strader and had given him one order—win. These were the elements that had crystallized January 27 at the Hotel Warwick in New York City when the NFL met for its annual player draft.

Strader knew these draft meetings from other jobs in pro football. Twelve tables, one for each team, are set up in the hotel's banquet room, and at 10 a.m. the club owners, their coaches, assistant coaches and business managers sit down to a long day of business. For the next 16 hours each club chooses

the players it hopes will make it the strongest, and therefore probably the most profitable, team in the league.

These 16 hours are the pay-off of months of elaborate espionage in every U.S. university, college and junior college, of traveling through 48 states to cross-examine football players, of years of trying to uncover what secrets of the other professional teams have reported.

The night before the meeting, Strader sits in Suite 1903 in the Warwick with his assistant coaches, Phil Bengston, Joe Vetrano and Red Hickey. On the living room tables are the guarded files of information built up over the months by the 49er scouts—four large binders and two card index



DAN REEVES (standing background)

PAUL BROWN (right shirt)

SID GILMAN, L. A. RAMS (standing)

JOE VETRANO

In this smoke-filled room coaches and owners of football's big-league teams gather once a year in midwinter to parcel out among themselves the pick of the college crop. Here is the inside story of those 16 nightmare hours

files revealing the physiques and psychology of 1,500 football players.

Strader brushes off a table a heap of telegrams from players—"Definitely interested in playing. . . ." "Draft status clear, would play for 49ers. . . ."

The master list is broken down into vertical columns headed "Linebackers," "Defensive Backs," "Tackles," etc. The players are listed in the order of quality assigned by Strader and his staff on the basis of the scout reports. Each player is stripped to his pads in these binders.

An assistant coach at Georgia Tech lays bare Center Larry Morris to the Los Angeles Rams in this series of clichés and revealing phrases: "Once-in-a-lifetime player, could make any

college team, only missed one game through injury, wants to kill ball carrier when tackling and nearly does, in ROTC and will be available."

There will always be the up-to-the-minute report on his military draft status. The draft gives a club exclusive bargaining rights to a player only; it cannot guarantee that the player will ever sign a contract with the club, a concern that sometimes drives owners and coaches half mad with anguish. "Married with four children" was the jubilant notation on a Rams choice.

Strader and his staff have talked about these 1,500 biographies for months. Tonight they start talking about them again. They talk about which of the players they want will

be grabbed by other clubs, which will be grabbed by a Canadian football team, which by the U.S. Army.

In 11 other suites 11 other staffs are reviewing their encyclopedias of flesh.

The phones ring during the night. These are the hours for the deals, the trade of a 265-pound tackle for a 180-pound defensive back or of three experienced players for a high position in one of tomorrow's draft rounds.

The clubs draft in the reverse order of their 1954 standing in the league. The 49ers are ninth (three other teams finished ahead of them last season) and must wait during each round until eight other clubs pick players. Strader has been on the phone to Joe Stydahar,

continued on page 36

THE SPORT THAT'S MOSTEST

THE supersonic age has produced a new and remarkable sport: fast and close acrobatic flying in jet planes. It is the most expensive and exclusive of sports. It is also the most exacting and dangerous. A few of the millions who see the Navy's flying Blue Angels enjoying this acrobatic sport at weekly air shows would like to try it themselves, but will never get the chance. In fact, at present there are no jets available to civilians. Moreover, rarely anyone could afford to pay either the \$400,000 cost of one of the Blue Angels' supersonic Grumman Cougar jets or \$1.50 a minute for fuel.

Each member of the six-man Blue Angel team must be able to hold his spot a scant five feet between planes in formation as the team rolls and loops, flies on its side and upside down at speeds up to 600 mph and at times only 100 feet off the ground. Though outwardly the Blue Angels pooh-pooh

the risks, each of them knows there is a very slim margin for error. The Angel who feels a sneeze coming on will often ease out of formation to play it safe. In nine years three Angels have crashed, and another had to bail out while flying out of control at supersonic speed. Because it is touch-and-go-work, each new member is judged not only on his flying skill but also on how he fits socially with the rest of the team on the ground. The Navy brass may propose a new member, but the Angels have the final say.

"They've got to get along together," said Russell Peck, an ex-Navy flyer, after gawping at the contemporary Angels in their first 1955 show at El Centro, Calif. "The way they rub wings up there at 500 miles an hour, one dreamer or booger would hush up the whole show. If I was a Blue Angel, I couldn't sleep nights unless the rest of the team was chained to my bed."



AT BRIEFING SESSION. Team Leader Commander Richard Cormier (center) advises Blue Angels, "Play it loose in these new planes." At right, with water streaming from tip tanks, four Angels sweep into their hardest trick: an echelon roll at 500 mph which climaxes with planes flying upside down five feet apart.





11. Edward McKelvie, USN

WINGS OVERLAPPING and the cockpit of the trailing plane only five feet below the fuselage of the lead plane, the Blue Angels start up into a loop at 550 miles an hour. The four planes will maintain this tight formation throughout a mile-high loop.



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WINTER'S SADDEST CREATURE: THE ROBIN WHO DIDN'T FLY SOUTH.

by JOHN O'REILLY

TAKE another look at the forlorn robin sitting in the fence of a Chicago suburb in midwinter. He is not what he appears to be. You might think he is the first robin of spring who, eager to get started on his work of gladdening humanity, took off too soon and got caught in a late-season storm. More likely, this is not the case at all—the robin has probably been around all winter and is waiting to migrate farther north. It's another one of those things about which romanticists and scientists have divergent views and which even scientists admit they still don't fully understand.

Migration means a great shift in the robin population. Some of them nest farther north than others and some go farther south. Just what makes them go where they do and when they do has never been fully explained. There is a whole set of environmental and physiological factors that combine to make the robins move north in the spring. The increasing length of the day is believed to be a dominant factor.

Whatever starts them off, the birds are ready for the long trip. Big deposits of fat give them the energy necessary for sustained flights. They are moved by a force which they cannot resist. It brings them back to the same place where they nested the year before. The males go first, for it is their job to decide where the summer home will be located.

When a male robin arrives in an orchard or yard he lays claim to a territory with fairly definite boundaries.

It is in this territory that the nest will be built. Then he proceeds to warn off other robins. To us it may be a song, but to the robin it is a proclamation of squatter's rights.

But there are other males about who dispute his claim. Those frantic fights you see on the lawn in spring are cock robins settling problems of real estate. And the robins that beat themselves against a window or the windshield of an automobile are not always off their rockers. They frequently mistake their reflections for a territorial rival and try to drive him away. Remove the reflection and the bird stops this foolishness.

HOW ROBINS FIGHT

These fights between male robins are not lethal and I don't have any record of knockouts at hand. The robin is a light puncher but his footwork is good. Dr. Howard Young, who has refereed many a robin match at the University of Wisconsin, points out that the cocks square off in four stances for ground attack: the tail lift, the crouch, the attack run and the normal. In the tail lift the head is lowered and the tail is elevated at an angle of about 45°. In the crouch the robin squats in threatening readiness. In the attack run the bird moves in low with knees bent. In the normal the bird stands upright and slugs without feinting.

When the females begin to arrive a week or two later the home territories are pretty well established. The singing is not primarily to attract a female. It does let the presence of a male be

known but it doesn't inform the female whether he already has a mate. The females blunder into the territories and are accepted by the males. Barring accidents, the pair remains together for the summer, normally rearing two hatchlings of young.

The robin's territory includes an area for collecting food. The robin tugging an earthworm out of the lawn is a traditional American sight. Sometimes he stands poised and motionless in a listening attitude before he makes a stab at the end of the worm. It may be that he is listening to the underground movements of the worm, although I don't know that this has been proved. It has been demonstrated, however, that blindfolded owls can catch mice.

When fall comes, the miracle of migration happens again. The friendly robins on the lawn undergo changes. They no longer putter about the yard showing little fear of man. Instead they become wary. They gather in flocks and their whole attitude changes. Traveling at night in great squadrons, they join in the general movement of millions. At Cape May, N.J., as many as 10,000 robins have been seen passing a given point during the early hours of a single morning. They are wild things moved again by something beyond their control.

Our bird here in the snow is the central figure in a great mystery story. As one scientist says, "We just don't know enough about enough species of birds."

(END)



BURDEN OF DRAFT falls on 49ers' new Coach Strader, whose only order is "Win."

FOOTBALL DRAFT *(continued from page 27)*

whose Chicago Cardinals ended last and therefore have first place in the draft, and to Weeb Ewbank of Baltimore, who is in the No. 3 spot.

In the hotel dining room Strader sits in a leather horseshoe booth with his staff and Baltimore's Ewbank. Breakfast is in the foreground but in the background is a deli.

Baltimore needs experienced players, Strader needs a higher place on some of the early draft rounds so he can get the new muscles on his new team. He and his staff edge in on Ewbank in the booth. Their talk is soft, their eyes flicker at the other coaching staffs in the dining room.

In the next booth two men make a phone call. In the 49ers' booth Red Hickey jerks and exclaims angrily. Told he's spy-happy, he bursts out: "Listen, I've been a coach too many years. I don't even trust my wife." The banality raises a laugh.

Before 9 a.m. the twitchy breakfast ends. Two assistants go to get the files. Strader looks at the tiles as he moves among the lobby couches, waiting for a phone call from Stydhar.

"How do I feel?" Strader answers. "I got a game edge." His voice and face are deep-lined. He walks over to the elevators and spits drily in the sand vase. "I've been through these before, you know." He wastes another trip to the sand vase. He cannot spit.

By 10 a.m. the green covers of the 12 tables have disappeared under binders, card files, portfolios, briefcases, scratch pads and the elbows of the club owners and their coaching staffs.

Washington Redskins Owner George Preston Marshall goes between the tables with greetings for fellow owners Dan Reeves of the Los Angeles Rams and George Halas of the Chicago Bears. As he approaches, the binders close, the cards turn face down. A reporter stands up near the Baltimore table and a large-headed assistant coach asks him to move away. Cigar smoke and suspicion gather in the room.

Strader comes down the room and leans over the Baltimore table to Ewbank sitting deep in the corner. "Nick Feher," Strader offers. Ewbank knows this 230-pound, bowlegged guard can run if it's downhill, and he says so. Strader, moving away, replies: "We used him first string."

"We had to use a lot of guys first string, too," says Ewbank.

The key assistants at the 49er table are Joe Vetrano, who knows the Doomsday Book on the 1,500 draftable youths, and Phil Bengston, who has coached the 49er line for years and can tell Strader about the team's present personnel, whether a player is the kind who will come up lame easily, and whom to trade off.

Strader and Bengston tear a half paper off the scratch pad and write names vertically on it. Bell opens the meeting by drawing the name of one of four teams from a hat. This is the "bonus choice" that entitles the winner to a first pick before the regular draw begins. The other eight clubs in previous years won bonus picks and are no longer eligible. Baltimore wins, giving the Colts a chance to select the best football player in the world not yet signed by a professional team.

Before Baltimore names its bonus

choice, Strader appears from behind the mirrored pillar next to the Baltimore table and hands Ewbank the scratch paper. Ewbank rises swiftly, seizes it and lines the names through—"Too slow," "We talked about him before," "No, Army," "No." Ewbank drops the paper on the edge of the press table.

As Strader gets back to the 49er table, Baltimore's bonus choice is announced over the loudspeaker. "Shaw, S-H-A-W, George, quarterback, Oregon." This could mean a quarter of a million dollars to the 21-year-old over the next decade.

And now, the big deal gone, Strader picks up the giant cardboard, his master list, and begins his draft choices.

When you sit there with a huge and complicated roster of possible candidates and the draft meeting is beginning, how do you operate? Some owners, the most prominent of them Marshall, draft the big names, either the nationally publicized All-Americans or a profitable local drawing card. Some coaches, particularly Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns, ignore all extracurricular considerations and draft "to need." The 49ers survey their weaknesses. This year they had to get swift, pass-receiving halfbacks and meaty inside linemen.

The big names who are also pro-type football players go on the first round of the draft. Strader gets the boy he wanted, Dickie Mogle, the speedy offensive halfback from Rice.

A joke limps around the room as San Francisco drafts a halfback into an already superlative backfield—"They haven't room for anybody else." But a 49er aide explains: "Hell of a receiver;



SURPRISE PICK, Tackle Frank Moran, Boston College, was sought by Cleveland.



ALL-AMERICA and local product, Matt Hasselbine, center, was 49ers' fourth draw.

we need a centerfielder, keep 'em from jamming up our running game." The 49ers have always had brutal, blasting runners but have never been able to bomb with that shocking, long-pass touchdown.

The big names go on the first round—Ameche, Guglielmi, Moege—but there are stars left for the second round. The 49ers, however, have a lesser-known player who their scouts say "will be a professional for 10 years." Strader could draft a big name in this second round and take the chance that no other club will draft this lesser-known jewel. But he knows that Brown is after this large, mobile tackle.

The second round starts and the loudspeaker twangs, "Cardinals choose Crow, C-R-O-W, Lyndon, back, USC."

An hour later the second round has worked down to ninth place. "The 49ers' second draft choice: Morze, M-O-R-Z-E, Frank, tackle and center, Boston College."

Later, the 49ers said Paul Brown screamed when Morze's name was announced. Actually, Brown's eyes moved slightly faster in their slots but his skin-tight face was immobile. He makes his choices quickly; other teams take up to 30 minutes to select their draftees. Between each pick the negotiations whisper on, the deals fall like scratch paper between the green tables or the deals are sealed and the loudspeaker announces: "Greer Bay yields its choice to Los Angeles."

Strader is maneuvered into causing a 30-minute delay on the third round. As his master list shrinks under the choices of other clubs, he gets to an offensive halfback who is rated highly but involves some risk because major league scouts have been hovering over him with those unmatchable baseball bonuses.

Strader needs this sprinter, but can he waste a draft choice? He weaves through the tables and out of the banquet room. In the hall he rings for the elevator, spits in the sand, goes up to the 19th floor suite.

The other clubs rattle through their binders, kid from table to table. No one comes over to stand next to another club's table for more than a moment. "Are the 49ers ready?" inquires the loudspeaker. "No," says Hickey. Then Strader comes through the doorway, his face extra lined by a shy smile. He hands his folded paper to the announcer, who reads: "The 49ers' third choice, Hardy, H-A-R-D-Y, Carroll, halfback, Colorado." The room-around buzz again, this time a series of queries why the 49ers picked a boy who had been figured for big-league baseball.



NO. 1 CHOICE. Dick Moege of Rice, is expected to bolster the 49er passing game.



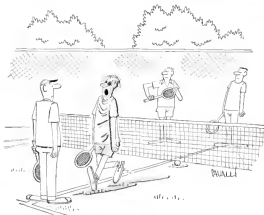
QUESTION MARK. Carroll Hardy of Colorado, had received baseball offers.

Strader decided after a long-distance phone call from his suite.

The 50-yard touchdown pass is the backbreaking offensive weapon; on defense the linebacker is the almost literal backbreaker who makes the runners afraid to come through the holes. The 49ers have lacked linebackers for four years. This year they did not draft one until the fourth round and that was a local drawing card, Matt Haseltine of the University of California. Only the espionage files of the other clubs could reveal the 49ers' reason for ignoring linebackers. Two 1953 choices, George Morris and Leo Rucka, were coming out of the service and would be available this year.

At 6 p.m. the draft meeting recesses. The card files and binders are hauled upstairs, the diners and the post-mortems begin. Now they are down to the 13th round and the main choices are gone. In the early rounds the players have virtually been memorized; from now on the files must be consulted constantly. In these last 17 rounds historic players like Deacon Dan Towler of Los Angeles have been picked up.

At 2:10 a.m. it ends, and Strader returns to the suite. Still on the table are last night's bottles, the telegrams scattered on the floor—"Willing to play for the 49ers." Where did that 190-pounder go, who grabbed him in that long day of decision? **END**



"How about you rushing the net for a while?"

TENNIS

A CAPTAIN'S JOB

All work and no play makes a Davis Cup leader

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT



I HAVE OFTEN been asked: "Just what does a nonplaying Davis Cup team captain do?" The nonplaying aspect of it seems to indicate non-work to many people, or at best a sort of tactical and organizational leader who cheers his boys on from the sidelines. This is misleading. A nonplaying captain has to be far more. He must be diplomat and locker boy, tough disciplinarian and father confessor. The ideal captain would be a combination of Leo Durocher, Anthony Eden, Bishop Sheen and Sigmund Freud, with the patience of a job.

I suppose the best way to explain is to pluck out a typical day during a campaign. In Australia my day usually began at 8 a.m. when I would have breakfast served in my hotel room. This was the signal for the telephone to start ringing. Between bites of toast and gulps of cold coffee, I frequently answered as many as 20 calls in the space of an hour and a half.

ANGLES, TICKETS, RECEPTIONS

These generally were from newspapermen, all searching for a new angle. But calls came also from team well-wishers with nothing particular in mind, friends of the team requesting tickets for the matches and perhaps a local official reminding me of an afternoon reception. The ticket problem alone is enough to warrant the full time of one man.

These chores usually kept me busy until 10 a.m. when it was necessary to organize morning practice. I had to check on each of the players individually in their rooms, see how they were feeling, talk things over and advise them of the meeting time in the hotel lobby.

Then there were other details. Moss needed a dentist. The chef needed tickets in return for the choice steaks. Had the cars been ordered? Were Reg Dillon, our Australian handyman, Denny Pails, our coach, and Husky Moore, our trainer, on hand? How about Jack Kramer? Would he be available to work out with the boys?

At the courts it was necessary to

check the locker room. Had the laundry been done and shoes whitened? Was there plenty of everything to satisfy the varied needs of all the individual team members? Were soft drinks and fruit in the refrigerator? What about tennis balls?

Practice had to be organized with the idea of bringing each of the players to his peak at the right time. Also, practice pairings had to be made with the idea of working on known weaknesses and bolstering confidence. For instance, if Trabert was showing a weakening of confidence, it wouldn't be wise to put him against a peak-form Seixas and let him get his brains knocked out. It would only hurt his confidence more.

There was a quick lunch and the procedure was repeated in the afternoon. Practices were followed by informal press conferences and then huddles in the dressing room to iron out problems. Always, 24 hours a day, it was necessary to maintain positive thinking.

The captain had the responsibility—not an easy one—of seeing that all

the "troops," as we called ourselves, were dressed and ready for dinner. Sometimes it was necessary to crack the whip to make the boys wear ties and jackets.

The team was often invited to receptions and social functions at which it rubbed elbows and swapped talk with such men as Prime Minister Menzies, U.S. Ambassador Amos Peaslee, Sir Norman Brook and the heads of local and state governments. We were Uncle Sam under a microscope and our behavior had to be circumspect.

Of all the decisions I have ever made, the one that disappointed me most was a direct outgrowth of one such occasion. On the second day of the Challenge Round, with the decision already in, I had told Ham Richardson that I was going to play him on the following day. At the International Club dinner that night the Australian officials, the prime minister, the ambassador and the USLTA representative, Julian S. Myrick, all expressed their desire to see Trabert and Seixas play the next day because they were the "first team." Realizing that their wish was certainly that of the fans, I decided, with a heavy heart, to change the plan. That's why Ham Richardson did not get to play in the Challenge Round.

Strategy-wise, the main job of the captain is to see that the players reach their peak at the proper moment, that a high morale standard is maintained and that every means be taken to capitalize on our own strength and the other side's weakness.

Personally, I have never felt that



"Russian Roulette?"

the captain's presence at court-side can play an important part in the outcome of a match. If he has honed his men to a sharp physical and mental edge and if he has laid out a sound battle plan, there is little he can do to change the course of the contest once the ball has been hit (except to die a thousand deaths on the sidelines). He may detect and help correct a few errors which one of his players persists in repeating. He may pick out some flaws in the armor of the opponent. Also, he should help keep his man cool under pressure and in the face of recurring bad breaks. And once in a while he can really help to turn a threatening situation into a happy one for his side. One such occasion comes to my mind now.

BOGS AND A WHISPER

It happened during the Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final matches at Brisbane, in mid-December. Tony Trabert was playing Sweden's Lennart Bergelin. A light rain started to fall early in the match. To avoid possible injury to Trabert on the slippery turf, I immediately requested the use of spikes from Cliff Sproule, referee. Eight thousand spectators, realizing what I was asking and knowing Bergelin had no spikes, started booing and shouting: "Doesn't it ever rain in America?"

This was the kind of situation which a year ago led to temperamental blow-ups on the part of our players and to direct attacks upon American sportsmanship in the Australian press. Before we ever came over for the 1954 Challenge Round I had resolved that such outbreaks would never occur again. As Trahern was putting on his spikes, I whispered a few brief words into his ear. He nodded, then started off toward his end of the court.

He walked with his head down while the crowd booed, the picture of utter dejection. But as he reached the baseline he straightened up, faced the crowd squarely and gave them a great big Trabert grin. Then, with a wave of his hand, he settled down to play. There wasn't a boo left in the entire Milton Courts.

The speculators in Australia are as sharp as tacks. They are an extra factor which a nonplaying captain must take into account. But, in the last analysis, it's up to the player to win. I have heard football coaches say that games are won or lost by Thursday afternoon. "I've done all I can do—now it's up to the boys," a coach may say on the day of the game.

A Davis Cup captain may say the same. END

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DISENCHANTED? NO!



Not Budd Schulberg (Dartmouth '36), whose visit to his old alma mater 16 years ago with the celebrated writer of the '30s, F. Scott Fitzgerald (right), prompted Schulberg's fine novel built around Fitzgerald's tragic life, *The Disenchanted*. That visit with his old friend was a sad adventure, a final chapter in Fitzgerald's heroic years; but drawn back to the scene today, Schulberg finds hope and vigor in the new generation of celebrants at that famous frolic



THE DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL

by BUDD SCHULBERG

HANOVER, N.H.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG have been the ingredients for some pretty successful carnivals over the last few millenniums. But Dartmouth College, with its annual winter carnival, has been experimenting with and improving on the formula. To the W, W & S recipe it has added, over the past 44 years, a major ski meet, a hockey game, a swimming meet, a basketball game, an ice-sculpture contest, a beauty contest, a Broadway play and an elaborate outdoor evening ice show featuring some of the world's greatest skaters. There are undoubtedly other items, but I am writing this report during the immediate post-carnival or convalescent period, and these are all I can remember.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival, with its merry-go-round of sports and social events, not merely overlapping but overtaking each other, is a 30-ring circus that makes Ringling Brothers look like a two-wagon job on a vacant lot in Sapulpa. Dartmouth likes to remind you of the words of its most famous alumnus, Daniel Webster: "It is a small college but there are those who love it." Well, all I can say is that it is a good thing Daniel never came back for a winter carnival. For on this weekend the Hanover population of 2,700 undergraduates and some 3,000 townspeople gathers to itself an additional 1,700 members of a species rare to the Hanover plain. They are known as young ladies, dates, babes or mics,

depending on the tone of your vocabulary. They are a sight for sore eyes (such as mine were) but equally agreeable, it seemed, to younger, brighter eyes as well. They descend on the white, Georgian campus on Thursday evening and Friday morning, and they appeared to this aging sentimentalist as a great flock of brilliantly plumaged birds back from the Southlands to decorate the bare New England trees with the color of their complexions, their personalities, their ski sweaters and their smiles. Tell me that birds don't wear sweaters and don't smile and all I can say is that anybody who exposes himself to some 20 indoor and outdoor events, faced with a plethora of cocktail parties, dinner parties, dance parties and some old-time basement drinking—readers, that fellow has earned his right to mix a metaphor or two, having mixed practically everything else over a tough 72-hour course.

JOHNNY DARTMOUTH AND JOANIE DATE

In fact, while I bow to no one as sports fan and hope any paragraph now to be telling you of Dartmouth's victorious sweep of the ski meet against the best ski teams in the East, the swimming victory over Navy, the hockey wins over Boston College and Yale, the basketball upset of Princeton and the wrestling team's moral-victory tie with the heavily favored Coast Guard Academy—before I tell you of the prowess of Dartmouth's exciting

alpine team, sparked by the ballet-graceful Japanese Olympic skier, Chiharu Igaya, I would like to doff my ski cap to the couples who never get their names in the sporting headlines or the scoring columns but who may rank with the most accomplished athletes of the weekend. They are the young of face and resilient of muscle who dance into the cooling hours of dawn, rise with a few hours sleep to do some dub skiing of their own on the golf course, walk several miles back to the heart of the campus to pound their hands and feet at a three-house jam session, again walk several miles to the ski jump, spend three hours climbing up and slipping down the icy surface of the crusted snow to see the jumpers from various vantage points, hike back to the swimming pool, risking pneumonia to watch the hard, shiny bodies of the natators slash down the watery lanes in the steam-bath temperature of the indoor pool, then walk back to the fraternity house for a little informal dancing, and on to the basketball game, the play or the concert and then—after 14 hours in which they may have covered 10 to 20 miles—they are ready for the real party, with its three or four hours of go-go-go dancing. You may talk about the courage of your downhill racer checking to avoid a rock at 60 mph, or the endurance of the cross-country skier, uphill, down dale and over obstacles for eight long miles—but my choice



ICE STATUES, a carnival specialty, gave the campus air of a wintry Mardi Gras.



RACCOON COATS, amid more modern dress, recalled generation Schulberg knew.



JOHNNY DARTMOUTH and date won author's special admiration for stamina.



GAY '20s PARTY was a carnival highlight, complete to bathtub gin.

for championship, all-round performance of the carnival goes to Johnny Dartmouth and Joanie Date, the couple who attended everything. They can describe Igaya's stylish bird flights in the jump, John Glover's dominance of the 220- and the 100-yard freestyle swimming races, Sophomore Jim Francis' spirited ability to take the play away from Princeton on the basketball floor, and then having covered all the sports events like a—well, maybe even more conscientiously than a—correspondent for SI, they Charleston and mambo with the tenacity of marathon dancers.

OUR FIRST ATOMIC GENERATION

That, my friends, is youth, and if you wanted to see American youth on skis, in the pool, on the wrestling mats, or simply indulging in friendly intramural wrestling around the fraternity houses, you should have been with us on these brittle February days. Here truly was accent on youth, a world's fair advertising the vigor, the prowess, the talents and the staying abilities of our first atomic generation to come of age. A fresh-faced, smiling-eyed, almost heart-breakingly young carnival queen was chosen in the person of Skidmore Sophomore Karen Thorsell, but we think another prize might have been given Sunday afternoon when athletes, dancers, spectators and played-out playboys sprawled and crawled around the fraternity houses, barely

moving, not unlike the alligators I had seen on the steaming banks of Everglades canals the week before. On Aftermath Sunday I would select the couple exhibiting the fewest symptoms of utter exhaustion. The date who manages a smile, the escort still on his feet to await the final bell, the couple still congenial to curious outsiders and perhaps even thinking of a farewell walk into the glistening white hills of outer Hanover, a farewell drink, a dance, a laugh, or even a farewell thought—there is a couple on which to build the future. For the way ahead is an uphill course, and I came away with the conviction that we will need not just the competitive skill of downhill winner Bill Beck, the aggressive spirit of the Dartmouth skiers, but the vitality, the companionability and the stamina of the 1,728 representatives of the "weaker sex" who managed to hold their own on ice slopes and dance floors and often wore down their outdoor college dates who pride themselves on health and manly vigor.

I found myself drawn to this particular carnival for complex reasons. Sixteen years ago, when the golden hairs of youth were still to be seen on this old gray head, I was part of an ill-fated, locally notorious and later celebrated visit to Dartmouth on behalf of a motion picture company making a film called *Winter Carnival*. My companion was F. Scott Fitzgerald, and I still prize a volume of his wondrous

novel *Tender Is the Night* inscribed "To one who pulled me out of crevices into which I sank and away from avalanches . . ." On that occasion the avalanche eventually had overtaken us and we had departed the college somewhat ignominiously before the end of the carnival. Dartmouth had had a powerful ski team in 1939 too, with Dick Durrance, Steve Bradley, John Litchfield and their like, and returning to the Hanover Inn the other day, I finally found out how it had fared that hectic, shaky weekend long ago. Dartmouth had won it that year, by 15.6 points.

THREE JOHNS AND A SHOW

This time Dartmouth had a 25.7-point lead over its nearest competitor, Middlebury, 579.8 to 554.1, with the University of New Hampshire third at 542.7. This year Dartmouth swept the alpine events with a 1-2-3 in the slalom (Igaya's specialty) and a near-incredible 1-2-3-4 in the downhill, with Dartmouth's American skier, Beck, first to cross the line at the end of the mile-and-a-quarter course in 1:52, followed by the Canadian Peter Kirby at 1:54, Igaya at 1:54.6 and Dartmouth's exuberant Norwegian, Egil Stigum, in 1:58.6. Oddly enough, it was the less-spectacular Hanover performers that won the ski meet for the local favorites, for Dartmouth was known to have an unsurpassable alpine squad

continued on page 52

SPORTING LOOK



AMERICA'S RIVIERA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP A. STEARNS

IN the islands that string from the tip of Florida to the top of South America—the Bahamas, the Virgins, Jamaica and a hundred more of the West Indian chain—three things are everywhere: sun, water and the American vacationer. From December until June he comes to find hideaways as remote as Tobago was for Robinson Crusoe, or such hangouts of international society (the Duke of Sutherland, Claudette Colbert) as Montego Bay's new Round Hill. The Caribbean traveler finds 9,000-foot mountains (in Haiti) and pirate-fortress hotels (Bluebeard's Castle, St. Thomas). The West Indies are establishing a fashion authority of their own. Handwoven India madras is as Caribbean as the Bikini is French. The islanders of America's Riviera originate such life-in-the-sun clothes, based on native fabrics and designs, as a voodoo shirt and handcrafted straws and batiks. Last month SI went island hopping and found such beauties as Sheila Walden (opposite), photographed on the after-dinner-coffee deck of Higgins Gate, one of St. Thomas' most popular guesthouses. Sheila's skirt was designed by Helen Cobb of the Carib Shop for this year's carnival season.

At Nassau home of Charles Freeman, Jim White wears Nassau straw, Italian shirt, madras swim trunks—typical Caribbean dress. Above: Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas.







MADRAS

The tropic-sun colors of madras blaze all over the Caribbean. Here Sheila Walden wears madras kiltie skirt over one-piece playsuit. The Carib Shop, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, \$12.95.



Charles Laughton and Dr. André Klöng of New York wear madras at Round Hill.



Vera Patterson designs and sells madras jackets, ties, shirts, shorts and dresses at her Nassau shop, wears it head to hem.



Montego Bay, Jamaica. In such free ports, madras is less than half U.S. price.



Margaret Dunbar, hostess at Nassau's Royal Victoria Hotel, wears sheath dress of striped Indian madras from Vera's shop.



FRENCH SUIT

International flavor of fashion and vacationists at Round Hill is typified by Betty di Bugnano of New York and Rome, whose paisley-print bathing suit came from Paris.



Dorothy Hyatt, photographed at house overlooking St. Thomas, wears printed and pleated beach shirt from Elverhøj, local shop, \$16.95.



Fanny Harris of Dallas found pleated and pocketed copy of Haitian voodoo shirt at Martha Sleeper's shop, San Juan, P.R., \$12.95.

BEACH SHIRTS

At Nassau's British Colonial Hotel beach, Nadine Stern wears red beach shirt she brought with her from her Paris home. Straw bag is island-made.



SUCCESSOR TO HOGAN?

If there's one in the offing, Gene Littler is probably his name

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

TUCSON, ARIZ.

NOT SINCE Sam Snead came out of the mountains and joined the tour in the winter of 1937 has any young professional so captivated the interest and imagination of the American sports public as Gene Littler, the soft-spoken, sensible, self-possessed young man from La Jolla, Calif., who so far this season has taken the Los Angeles and Phoenix Opens and generally dominated the first month and a half of the 1955 winter circuit. When Snead broke through to win the Oakland Open shortly after leaving West Virginia, he was such a rank unknown that the newspapers and wire services spelled the unfamiliar name Snead. And, of course, there was Sam's unforgettable comment when he was shown the photograph of himself accompanying the New York Times account of his victory: "How'd they ever get mah picture? I ain't never been to New York."

AN UNOSTENTATIOUS PREDICTION

Littler's superb talents, on the other hand, have been clearly perceived by people close to golf for quite some time now, and though there are sports pundits who week after week make like they have "discovered" him, it was at least two years ago that Johnny Dawson of the Thunderbird Club in Palm Springs unostentatiously predicted that Littler had the game and the temperament to succeed Ben Hogan as the country's greatest golfer.

At the time Dawson made this prognosis, Littler—who still looks like a Wheaties ad subject who grew up and whose appeal is certainly enhanced by his boy-next-door appearance—was 22, serving in the Navy, and although the possessor of an impressive record in California competition, a mystery man to most golf fans east of Yuma. A lot of us got our first look at the young amateur late in the summer of 1953 when he was a member of the American Walker Cup team which met and defeated a good British side at Kittansett near Cape Cod. What we saw was the soundest natural golf swing since the days of the young Snead. (To digress briefly, Snead is the only golfer

who had any influence whatsoever on the development of Littler's swing. When Sam was stationed at San Diego during the war, Littler had the opportunity to watch and study his method.) During the Walker Cup play, it took even the veteran golf observers four or five holes to appreciate Littler's self-schooled technique. In those days Gene took the club back with a very, very slow, easy, relaxed rhythm, then paused a lazy second at the top before droning slowly down into the ball, delaying his accelerated hitting action until the very last moment when the club head was only two feet or so from the ball. There were quite a few of us, I remember, who, on first watching Gene, got the idea that he hadn't had time to hit out some practice balls and was still warming up. He was all warmed up, to be sure, and during the full course of his rounds never changed the unhurrying tempo of his shot-making or, for that matter, his benign attitude toward the whole pressurized business of competitive golf. He won both his singles and foursome matches at Kittansett, and when he went on to win the National Amateur a fortnight later everyone who had watched him was gratified (since the Amateur is a rough championship) but no one was really surprised.

Today, some 18 months later, be-

hind him a successful first year as a pro in which he won over \$13,000 in prize money and finished a stroke behind the winner in the National Open, Gene has changed very little either as a person or as a golfer. The speed of his swing has quickened perceptibly, due to the week-in, week-out demands of the circuit, but it is still (along with Snead's) one of the two slowest and soundest in golf. He is a little longer off the tees, say eight or 10 yards. He walks a little faster between shots, at what might be described as a brisk saunter. He still lines up his shots without fuss and then, as he phrases it, "I just take the club back and let it go."

"CONCENTRATION AND ATTITUDE"

One morning last week, before going out for his round in the Pro-Amateur, which preceded the start of the Tucson Open, Gene arrived at the El Rio Club after finishing his morning cup of tea in the trailer in which he lives on the road with his wife Shirley and their year-old son Curt; and, since he was asked, he talked about his golf and the circuit. "I didn't play really well in some of the tournaments I've won," he was explaining. "On the tour, playing golf continuously, you get a little bit tired physically after a while but that doesn't bother you. What really gets worn down is your concentration. You've got to keep alert all the time. That's one of the two big things I've learned on the tour, and the second one also has to do with your attitude. That's learning to minimize your mistakes, not to get sore at yourself. The experience all of us are trying to gain from the tour is how to assemble a fairly good round even when you're not hitting the ball particularly well that day. That takes concentration—and attitude."

One technical department of his game which, by Littler's own assessment, can stand considerable improvement is the pitch to the pin from 120 yards out. "On the short circuit courses, it is the birdie shot and you can't score without it."

When his round was over, Gene, as is his habit, headed back to his trailer, changed into his old clothes and lounged around with his son before dinner. It is Gene's opinion that living in a trailer is the next best thing to living at home—"Everybody's proportions are different," the mature young man was saying the other night, "but, for myself, I find I can play better if there are some other things in my life to think about besides golf, golf, golf."

(END)



AFTER MATCH. Littler greets his wife Shirley and son Curt in their trailer home.

BOATING

CALIFORNIA'S BID

A new midwinter regatta shows up the East

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.



FRED HARRIS

IF THE 26th Annual Mid-Winter Regatta of the Southern California Yachting Association isn't the largest sailing event of 1955, it won't be the fault of Fred F. Harris, general chairman of the event and a promoter par excellence. Harris, a short, dark-complexioned, enthusiastic and hard-working Californian, has put all his bantam cockiness, well mixed with amiability, behind this venture. The fact that he is a yachtsman and a good one (his ketch *Sea Queens* won in her class in the 1954 Mid-Winter) is a big help in putting the regatta across. It assures Harris the support of the serious yachtsmen, for whom good racing over well laid-out courses is the primary consideration.

TOUGH COMPETITION

The sailors who will race this year on Feb. 18, 19 and 20 will be plenty busy trying to win against tough competition. Twenty-four of the 33 entries slated to race to Honolulu in this year's Trans-Pacific Race are entered in the Mid-Winter. In the smaller classes, the best sailors of Southern California, many from San Francisco and even one from Denmark (Emil Sorenson, who will race a Dragon) will battle it out for the silverware.

It is becoming recognized that what's good publicity for Southern Californians also means better yachting for the yachtsmen, with more and keener competitors to sharpen wits and skill. Easterners who have never run across a yachting promoter, and who might look a bit askance if they did, might well ponder what promotion has done. As the big Eastern fixtures barely hold their own numbers in national importance and in competitive quality, those in the Far West which are better ballyhooed are rising in all three respects.

The Orange Bowl Regatta, the St. Petersburg Mid-Winter Lightning Championship and the Mardi-Gras Regatta in New Orleans all show how elvish backing and hard promotion can, in a few years' time, create events of top stature in the yachting world.

Southerners and Californians have more than oranges in common.

The full name of this year's event is The International Mid-Winter Regatta. Nothing like an important sounding name to add lustre and, thanks to the Danish entry, it's not really a misnomer and someday may be truly accurate. No less a person than Charles S. Thomas, Secretary of the Navy, has agreed to act as honorary chairman. Local radio stations will announce full results of each day's racing.

The courses off the three host clubs (The Los Angeles Yacht Club, Alamitos Bay Yacht Club and The Cabrillo Beach Yacht Club) have been so laid out as to be in easy view of spectators on shore. The starting line off The Los Angeles Yacht Club, however, has been moved more to seaward this year to give steadier winds and provide fairer racing. Fred Harris claims that over 200,000 people are expected to view the regatta this year. How many watch Marblehead or Larchmont Race Week?

The masterstroke, however, is a float which will be attached to a tug and will follow the last start and present

a sportswear fashion show to the viewers along the shore!

Revealing that Harris' promotional flair can contribute as much to the strictly serious side of yachting is the establishment of a challenge cup race between a crew from The New York Yacht Club, The Eastern Yacht Club of Marblehead, The Chicago Yacht Club and The Los Angeles Yacht Club. The local yachtsmen will furnish the boats—sleek 38-foot sloops of the K-38 Class. How did the other clubs happen to think of challenging? They didn't. Fred Harris did. He flew East and not only persuaded crews from each club to enter but got top-notch representatives.

KEEN CREWS AND STAR SKIPPERS

Harry Nye, a past Star Class world champ, will sail for Chicago; Edmund S. Kelley Jr., skipper of the highly successful Owens Cutter *Departure*, will sail for Eastern; and Gabriel M. Giannini, whose *Marie Amelie* was second only to *Hoot Mon* for 1954 Southern Circuit honors, will sail for New York. All three skippers have keen crews lined up. Upholding the honor of Southern California is Bill Horton, a member of the 1952 Olympic Yachting Team.

The Challenge Cup Race is in many respects the feature of the regatta, and even without Harris' future prodding may well develop into an annual fixture of leading national stature.

Last year slightly over 250 boats competed in the Mid-Winter. Harris expects 450 this year, which might make it the largest sailing event of the year. **END**





HICKMAN SHOWS O'BRIEN HOW

TRACK

HOT SHOT

SP's weight expert salutes a champ and revels in memories

by HERMAN HICKMAN

IN 1909 a giant by the name of Ralph Rose set the shot-put record at 51 feet. This was the *one* mark, said the pundits, that would never be broken. The Californian stood six feet and four inches and weighed 286 pounds, program weight. His form was excellent—good speed across the ring and plenty of snap in his follow-through. This superman had everything. Might as well close the books because there would never be another Rose.

On May 8, 1954, another young Californian, Parry O'Brien, broke ground past 60 feet for the first time. Coming in the wake of Roger Bannister's "shot heard 'round the world" mile run this record shattering performance was little noticed by press or people. While cries of Bannister, Landy and Santee rent the air Parry O'Brien kept on breaking records and on June 11 in Los Angeles finally set the present world mark of 60 feet 10 inches. Maybe I have a penchant for lost causes or unsung heroes, but I think all this merits mention. Even Broadway has gone mile crazy during the current indoor season to the near-oblivion of field events. There's been nothing like it for years—if you mention the shot-put, all you get is a vacant stare and the question: "Where's he running?"

THE "POLAR BEAR" EVENT

Mr. Fred Schmertz, the director of the venerable Millrose Games, did make one concession this year: he allowed the shot-put to be a part of his program for the first time. The event was held outdoors in subfreezing temperature at Columbia University at 11 o'clock in the morning. At least 60 of the faithful gathered to see the "polar bear" event while that evening, in the confines of the Garden, close to 15 thousand helped boot the sturdy Dane, Gunnar Nielsen, home with a new track record for the eight furlongs.

I, too, trekked to South Field at Columbia that cold Saturday morning to see O'Brien in action. For 30 years I have been a track and field competitor,

coach, or avid spectator. The weight events especially, have been dear to my heart—and no pun intended. I've always said that the nicest work in the world, if you can get it, is to be a weight man on a track team. It's like taking batting practice in baseball. You run through a few warm-up "throws" with the shot, then lie around in the stadium or on a rubdown table in the benign spring sun and watch the runners put themselves into a state of utter exhaustion. And then comes Saturday. At the pre-meet meal the miler can't keep his poached egg down. The quarter-miler can't finish his tea and dry toast. All the runners are really on edge but you're having a big steak and baked potato. The coach passes by and smiles: "Give Herman another steak, Chef. He needs his strength this afternoon." Gosh, it was great to be a weight man. Anybody that would run farther than a hundred yards was crazy.

I'll never forget the day that I broke the world's record in the shot-put. The circumstances were these. It was a dual meet between Tennessee and Alabama and at the same time, running concurrently, our freshmen were having a meet with some high school. The colleges, of course, use the 16-pound shot; but the high schools throw the 12-pounder. I was coming up for my last throw and was ahead of my Alabama opponents who had already taken their last throw. One of my football team-

mates was helping run off the event, so, to have a little fun, he slipped me, unnoticed, the 12-pound shot. I took my position at the rear of the circle, went through all the preliminary gyrations and let go. Professor N. W. Dougherty, who was and still is the faculty chairman of athletics, was the judge that day. No sooner had the shot broken ground than he cried: "Great goodness! A new world's record." My heaven the incredible distance of 53 feet and 6 inches and I had beaten Ralph Rose by two feet and a half, to say nothing of the then world mark of 52 feet 7½ inches. I figured the farce had gone far enough and told the crowd what had happened. Everyone but Professor Dougherty thought it was real funny. Somehow, he didn't have a sense of humor.

REVOLUTIONARY AND EXPLOSIVE

I had never met or watched Parry, except for seeing moving pictures of him, until his Millrose outdoor-indoor exhibition under the worst circumstances possible—using sneakers on a board ring, flaked with ice and snow, putting into dirt. Even under these conditions I'll venture to say that he is still far away from his maximum performance. Physically, he's 6 feet 3 inches and weighs a deceiving 290 pounds. His form, especially his preliminary stance, is completely revolutionary. Instead of facing sideways or at a 90 degree angle to the toeboard, he aligns himself with his back to the direction of his throw. He originated this stance in 1951, and I could not help noticing that most of the other shot-putters have adopted this same style, practically overnight. He claims that he gets more drive and better position from this stance. I can't argue with him on this point because I've never seen anyone get as much "explosion" as he gets go. In the cold and snow, he put that shot 56 feet 7 inches at the Millrose Games.

I talked with him at length about his ambitions in track. He hopes to do 60 feet before the indoor season is over. I think that he will. He hopes to do 61 feet outdoors this year and 190 feet with the discus, something not mentioned heretofore. I believe that he will. I think that he will win both events at the Pan American Games in March, and I'll go farther and say he'll capture both events at the Olympics in 1956. If he'll just take a little of my coaching and let me fatten him up a bit more, I can promise you that the Russians won't show anything like him.



FRED DWYER, GIANT KILLER



BOYISH FRED DWYER salutes crowd, grins happily after winning Baxter Mile.

THE happiest man in track last week was little Fred Dwyer of East Orange, N.J., who upset Gunnar Nielsen and Wes Santee in the Baxter Mile in Madison Square Garden Saturday night. Dwyer won the race early when Santee moved ahead too quickly in a premature attempt to make the race so fast that neither Nielsen nor Dwyer would have a sprint left for the finish. Nielsen followed Santee closely but Dwyer, who has an impeccable sense of pace, let them go. He was 30 yards behind at the first quarter, but by the half-mile Santee was laboring, Nielsen was tired, and Dwyer had closed to within a step. With three laps to go he passed them both.

The New York crowd, yelling for Dwyer, set up a long, sustained, incredibly loud and joyous roar through the entire last quarter. Little David was trouncing the Goliaths—the outlanders, the record-breakers—and New York loved it. He was doing it big, too, running away from them as they tied up behind him. As he crossed the finish line in 4:06.2, a big happy grin on his face, his margin of victory was 60 yards and the noise of the crowd was deafening.

"How did you feel when you moved out ahead?" Dwyer was asked later.

"I felt fine," he said. "Wonderful. All those people cheering."

"Could you hear them?"

"Sure," he said. "Boy, they were really yelling. It was wonderful. They were really with me, weren't they?"

They certainly were.

END

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SLALOM STAR Chick Igaya, Japan, also competed notably in downhill and jump

CARNIVAL *continued from page 41*

(slalom and downhill), which Middlebury and the University of New Hampshire and Vermont hoped to stand off in the Nordic events (cross-country and jumping). While Vermont's outstanding cross-country man, Larry Damon, won the grueling eight-mile race by nearly a full minute, Dartmouth's three Johns—Johnstone, Johnston and Johnsrud—finished sixth, tenth and eleventh to give Dartmouth an unlooked-for third place in what was anticipated as their weakest event.

Aside from the whim of a sentimental journey, revisiting the scene of some youthful adventures, I found myself drawn back to the carnival through a renewed interest in skiing after a recent New Year's weekend at Franconia. Watching my 15-year-old daughter Vicky, a fine Swiss-trained skier, come sweeping down Cannon Mountain, I remembered my old snow-pow days on the Dartmouth golf course. The silence of skiing, the whiteness of skiing, the crisp, clear whisper of ski edges raising the powdered snow, the body grace of the slalom, the sure, slick movement of checking—it all came over me again at Franconia in a sharp cold rush of nostalgia. It was time to see another carnival. "It'll be worth it just to see Igaya," said John Carleton, a former Dartmouth ski star, now a prominent lawyer from Manchester and the only man I have

known personally who went to Africa to ski.

As I looked into the face of the slight, trim, feline Chiharu (Chick) Igaya, I couldn't help thinking how Scott Fitzgerald, with his taste for heroics and his gift for romanticism, would have quickened to this remarkable performer. Our national slalom champion, from the islands of Japan, is a graceful, finely made, intense, deep-eyed young man of 23, with poise, dignity and control. Control, style, grace are his forte. In fact, when he first came to this country with a fellow Japanese skier and *skiforwados* found their names too much to handle, Igaya was promptly dubbed "Control" and his hell-for-leather side-kick "No Control." Control—a stylized, reserved Oriental poise—is part of Igaya's social manner as well as his ski technique. He is incomparable in his specialty, the slalom flags. He had breezed through his event with a margin of six-and-a-half seconds, 1:50.2 to Beck's 1:56.8 and Kirby's 2:00.6, but now, with an injured ankle, he was jumping competitively for the second time in his life. It was an event he had been practicing only a few days, and his coaches would have considered his placing among the first 12 a splendid effort.

Ski jumping is an event judged by a double standard, distance and style. Style points are deducted for such faults as bending knees in the air, not holding skis together in the air, and landing with the body not sufficiently forward. Rosy-cheeked spectators, of whom there were thousands along the embankment from the lip of the jump to the end of the landing run, were supplied with a list of reasons for fault deduction. Point two "on the run" read: "Fall on the in-run—20 points and probably his life."

I talked a few moments to the polite, withdrawn Igaya and the red-haired Norseman Stigum while they waited on the contestants' mound to watch their competitors. I was asking Igaya a question about his ankle when he looked up the in-run and said, "Excuse, please. Dartmouth." One of his teammates was sweeping down the steep incline to the takeoff. "Oh, boy, good jump," Egil Stigum exclaimed, grinning. His Japanese teammate nodded gravely, "Very nice."

A few minutes later Igaya drew a prolonged moan of admiration from the crowd with a jump that was not the longest of the day but surely one of the most graceful. Jon Rilsnaes, another Norwegian from the University of New Hampshire, last year's win-

ner, pooped jumps of 136 and 138 feet and won on form, with a point total of 237.6. Les Streeter, the Middlebury star, last year's *Skrmeister*, had the longest jump of the day, 139 feet, but Igaya, with a best jump of 129, rated a surprisingly high fourth place on grace and carriage. It was a rare aesthetic thrill to stand below the imposing 95-foot superstructure of the in-run and watch the elegant Igaya address himself to this unfamiliar event as if it were as much a part of him as the slalom.

Igaya is a dedicated, concentrated, artistically coordinated skier. It will be interesting to watch him in the intercollegiate meet at Norwich University on Mar. 4-6 and at the Olympic tryouts at Franconia and Stowe later in the month. His father, a ski enthusiast now managing a ski resort in Japan, has been training his son for world greatness since Chick was three. Igaya placed eleventh in the 1932 Olympics, without a coach and with no one in Japan to refine his style. In 1956, Coach Walt Prager believes, he could be a gold-medal winner, though this might involve a leave of absence from college so that he can practice on the superior courses of Europe. Although Dartmouth might be called the Notre Dame of skiing (having now won its own meet 21 times and the last four in a row), ski conditions have not been ideal for daily practice and, in addition, Igaya, a serious student beginning to overcome the language difficulty of the first year, carries a heavy scholastic program—philosophy, economic geography, Spanish, psychology and geology, with a special English course on the side. (This last is a Dartmouth innovation for its exceptionally high number of foreign students.)

My traveling companion, Roger Donoghue, a promising young middle-



SAUCER SLIDE involves couple in a happy embrace as they coast on metal tray.

weight boxer just a few years back, a fountain of well-turned phrases throughout the weekend, looked up at the forbidding height of the top of the in-run and mused, "You know, getting up when you've been knocked down a couple of times, that isn't so bad, but where do these kids get the guts to go off that thing?" And as we trudged back to the Hanover Inn on our frozen feet, surrounded by young couples who apparently had developed some mysterious immunity to cold or fatigue, Roger eyed all the tender-skinned, button-nosed bunnies from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Skidmore and shook his head. "I've seen seven but I've never seen seventeen hundred Rheingold girls."

"I'M CALLING TIME OUT"

It was 4 o'clock when we got back to the inn. There had been no lunch because the dynamiting Dixieland bands from Princeton, Williams, Bowdoin, Amherst and Dartmouth had us pinned down from 10:30 until the last blistering chorus of *When the Saints Go Marching In* at 1:30, ski-jump time. "Even if SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cashiers us and breaks a pencil over our heads, I'm calling time out," I said, as we fell snow-blind into the rooms. "This is only Saturday afternoon. We still have a cocktail party, a basketball game, a glee club concert, a dinner party, a fraternity dance..."

"What, no tobogganing?" Roger wanted to know.

"That we have been doing since Thursday evening when we went to the wrong station and almost missed the train," I reminded him.

The time grows late, the eyes grow dim, the pen unsteady, the cheers for a unique Dartmouth sportsblitz drift away down the Connecticut Valley. But a last, vivid impression has hold of me: entering the fraternity house where Scott Fitzgerald and I were refused admittance on that cold and stormy night before World War II, I walked smack into a '20s party that had been lifted bodily and spiritually from an F. Scott story. There were the girls in their knee-length spangled dresses Charlestoning like frenetic puppets. There were the boys in Buster Brown collars, with hair parted in the middle, faithfully executing ritual dances that Scott had glorified. There was the bathtub, actually wet with gin, and there was a Dixieland band, a red-hot barreling outfit from Williams driving home with *Sweet Georgia Brown*. There was a wide-eyed little

continued on next page



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"¡Valiente!" cried the Spanish admiral



Admiral Cervera and his officers cheered as his launch fished this man and seven more waterlogged American sailors out of Santiago Harbor, Cuba, on the morning of June 4, 1898. This was straining Spanish chivalry to the breaking point, for Richmond Hobson (above) and his little suicide crew had spent the previous night taking a ship into the harbor entrance under a hail of cannonade and deliberately sinking her to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

Hobson was actually an engineer, not a line officer. During that perilous night in Santiago Harbor, he led his first and only action against the enemy. But his cool-headed daring made him as much a hero of the day as Admiral Dewey. And proved again that America's most valuable product is Americans.

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beauty from Altoona on the arm of the president of the fraternity and there was the eternal party cutup, handing Roger and me each a bottle of champagne. There were hodies on the floor and when we inquired about them, solicitously, there was the answer, "That's all right. Just step over 'em. They're resting."

There was the piano player, with his left hand on the keyboard, never missing a *Sweet Georgia* beat, while his right arm encircled a girl in loving, oblivious embrace.

FILL UP THE BOWL

The odd thing is, it didn't look like a masquerade of a '20s party, it more resembled a party that had been jumping for 30 years in some collegiate pavilion of Dante's *Inferno*. It felt as if *This Side of Paradise* had been rewritten as *Berkeley Square*.

So, fill the bowl up for F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose ghost still threads its way among the dancers. And for Coach Walt Prager, credited with getting that 1-2-3-4 downhill with his special out-wax-'em technique. And for Chick Igaya, who makes a poem of the slalom. And for all the Dartmouth teams, over-and underdogs, who made a clean sweep of the sports events. And for those 1,728 little snow queens in their gay ski clothes who will never be quite that young again. (END)

SPORTS COURT



Is the owner of the ski trail liable if you trip on a tree stump which is too thinly covered with snow?

No, said the United States District Court, because "to require that a ski trail be kept cushioned with snow at all times is to demand the impossible. The skier who takes part in such a dangerous sport is not seeking a retreat for meditation but faces its dangers open-eyedly. If he is timorous he should stay at home."

RECORD BREAKERS

● Yale's Kerry Danovan, Sandy Gileson, Dave Armstrong, John Niles churned 400-yard free-style relay in 3:21.3, shattered world record by 3/10 second; Mary Jane Sears, pretty Washington D.C. aquarist, was clocked in 2:44.9 for 200-yard orthodox breaststroke, established new American mark in swim carnival at New Haven, Conn. ● Williston Academy swimmers splashed 300-yard medley relay in 3:00; 400-yard free-style relay in 3:34.2; 130-yard medley relay in 1:18.2, set

three national preparatory school records in meets at Springfield and Easthampton, Mass. ● Ron Sharlik, 6-foot 14-inch North Carolina State rebound artist, rolled up 55 points, his seventh-ranked team trounced William and Mary 126-99, for new Atlantic Coast Conference scoring standards at Norfolk, Va. ● Narcisse Dompiere, Quebec City racer, pushed eight crossbred dogs to new record of 5:33.58 in 66-mile international sled dog derby, won world championship at Ottawa.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco romped over College of Pacific 72-52, whipped San Jose State 59-49 for 14th straight, remained in No. 1 spot in AP poll.

UCLA outclassed Stanford 85-63, 72-39, took two-game lead over Indiana in Southern Division of Pacific Coast Conference. Morris Tate, Willie Naulls paced Bruins.

Utah edged Brigham Young 78-71, bounced back from 76-74 overtime upset by Cougars. Little Terry Tebb's driving lay-up in final seconds of extra period ended Utah's 10-game winning streak, dropped Redskins to No. 10 position.

La Salle whipped past Manhattan 76-62 on Tom Gola's rebounding and scoring, rallied in second half, beat Richmond 91-80. Gola got 30 points against Spiders.

Duquesne came from behind, outscored Villanova 66-53, trounced Carnegie Tech 62-27 with airtight defense, got scare from little Westminster but managed to win 55-53, became first to enter New York's National Invitation Tournament.

Williams remained one of nation's few unbeaten teams, blasted Springfield 85-75, Vermont 82-63, ran winning streak to 12.

Kentucky went alone in last two minutes, tossed out Mississippi State 43-46, coasted past Georgia 85-40, moved into Southeastern Conference lead.

George Washington outpunched Maryland 73-67 on Joe Petrucich's 33 points, outscored Richmond 17-3 in last five minutes, wallowed Spiders 77-62, routed Army 89-49, boosted season's record to 18-3.

North Carolina State got scoring fever, rolled up 335 points in three games. Wolf-pack outran Virginia 114-97, crushed William and Mary 126-99 as Ron Sharlik scored 55 points, used full-court press, turned back South Carolina 93-71.

Furman, nation's top scoring team, ran into deep freeze by The Citadel, squeaked past Bulldogs 26-24. Furman, 154-67 winner over same team Jan. 8, led 25-20 at intermission, scored one point in second half.

Tulsa defeated Detroit 77-72, swamped Hardin-Simmons 66-61. Jumpshooting Bob Patterson scored 37 against Detroit, 35 in Hardin-Simmons game, brought career total to 1,249, best in Tulsa history.

Marquette sneaked past Creighton 88-77, slammed Bowling Green 101-56, stretched country's longest win streak to 18, accepted bid for NCAA tournament.

Mississippi trimmed Ohio State 82-56, subdued fighting Illinois 73-71 in double overtime, took Big Ten lead.

Dayton, Louisville, Manhattan, Niagara, Cincinnati picked for next month's NIT at New York.

N. Y. Knickerbockers run off four straight over Minneapolis 93-85, 118-112, Ft.

Wayne 88-82, Boston 105-103 on Jim Barchohl's last-second basket, moved up to challenge league-leading Syracuse Nationals, who won four of five, in Eastern Division of NBA.

Ft. Wayne Pistons split four games, continued at top of Western Division standings, 51; games ahead of Minneapolis.

BOXING

Harold Johnson, Philadelphia light heavyweight, caught Paul Andrews, Joe Louis' No. 2-ranked protégé, with perfect right to jaw, knocked out 2-1 favorite in sixth round at New York, moved into consideration for title bout with Archie Moore.

Ronnie Delaney, Akron right-hander, used southpaw stance, piled up points with right-hand uppercuts, upset overcautious, back-peddling welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton in over-the-weight 10-rounder at Akron.

Tony De Marco, rugged Boston welterweight, weathered ninth-round storm, rallied to hold Jimmy Carter, who regained lightweight title last November, to 10-round draw in nontitle fight before 12,163 fans who paid \$74,670 at Boston Garden.

TRACK AND FIELD

Fred Dwyer, disqualified after wrestling match with Wes Santee in last race, let Santee and Gunnar Nielsen run selves out in blistering 1:39 half-mile, moved past gasping rivals with three laps to go, won Baxter Mile by 65 yards in 4:06.2 for new meet record in NYAC games at New York.

Maj Whitfield, veteran Olympic star, outmaneuvered Philadelphia's Joe Gaffney, took 500-yard run in 0:57.1; Arnold Sewell, Pitt star, upset Fordham's Tom Courtney in 1:32.1 half-mile; Norway's Audun Boyesen made runaway of 1,000-yard run, set meet record of 2:10.2; rapid Rod Richard of Armed Forces edged George Sydney in 60-yard dash in 0:06.2, tied meet record. Other winners: Horace Ashenfelter, two-

mile run (8:57); Jack Davis, 60-yard high hurdles (0:27.2); Syracuse, two-mile college relay (7:38.5—meet record); Parry O'Brien, 16-pound shot (57 feet 9 1/2 inches); Bob Richards, pole vaulter (15 feet 3 inches); J. Lewis Hall and Charlie Holding, high jump (6 feet 7 1/2 inches).

HORSE RACING

Gigante, 42-1 long shot, rushed past Imbree, Correspondent in stretch, left Poonia II, Determine far behind, finished on top in \$40,000 San Antonio Handicap, last important race for Santa Anita Handicap, gave Jockey Roy Lunn biggest day of career. Lunn, just out of apprentice ranks, also won \$29,500 San Luis Rey Handicap aboard Aldon, 55-1 choice.

Prince Noor, Hasty House 3-year-old, took advantage of favored Saratoga's poor start, came from far behind, won \$35,000 Everglades Stakes at Hialeah Pk., Fla., became threat for Flamingo Stakes Feb. 26.

GOLF

Tommy Balt, hard-hitting, hot-tempered Houston, Tex. pro, got eagle on final hole, shot last-round 65, won \$10,000 Tucson Open with 266.

Al Dark, New York Giants shortstop, missed putt on 18th green, came back to beat Al Lopez, Cleveland manager, on 22nd hole for baseball players' golf championship at Miami.

Polly Riley, veteran Ft. Worth stylist, regained putting touch in time, dropped four-footer on 18th green, edged 18-year-old Joanne Goodwin of Plymouth, Mass. 1 up, captured Palm Beach Amateur.

FOOTBALL

U.S. Air Force Academy, pointing toward varsity competition in 1956, hired Lawrence T. (Rock) Shaw, recently fired after 10 years with San Francisco 49ers, as "part-time civilian consultant" to freshman and intramural football coaching staff.

Lou Saban, Northwestern backfield coach, former Indiana, Cleveland Browns star, was named "interim" Wildcat coach, succeeded Bob Voigts, who resigned because of alumni criticism. Happy Saban rejoined: "I accept... with humility."

Army got green light for future postseason competition when 18-man Board of Visitors recommended acceptance of invitation to play in recognized bowl games.

SQUASH RACQUETS

Henri Salasn, Boston control expert, showed amazing accuracy in placing shots, downed Ernie Howard of Toronto, 15-7, 15-4, 15-11, won first national amateur title at Detroit. Germal Glidden of New Canaan, Conn. deposed of Joe Hahn of Detroit, 15-11, 15-9, 15-6 for veterans' honors.

Hashim Khan, 40-year-old Pakistani,

continued on next page

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings this week with points figured on a 10-2-5-7-6-4-3-2-1 scale (drop-outs voted as zerothouses)

	Points
1-San Francisco (63)	1164
2-Kentucky (12)	847
3-La Salle (6)	796
4-Duquesne	573
5-George Washington (12)	462
6-Marquette (5)	414
7-North Carolina State (2)	365
8-Minnesota (2)	343
9-UCLA (13)	339
10-Utah (3)	330

REMARKS: UP: 11, Maryland 176; 12, Louisville 10; 14, 15, Dayton 10; 16, 17, Illinois 8; 18, Iowa 11

lost two sets, came back with long cross-court shots, rallied to defeat younger brother Azam, 15-11, 11-15, 14-16, 15-6, 15-7 in U.S. men's championship at New York.

TENNIS

Hurry Hopman, much-criticized Australian Davis Cup team captain-manager, was reappointed to lead five-man squad in attempt to regain famed trophy from U.S. His team: Veterans Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Rex Hartwig; Juniors Neale Fraser, Ashley Cooper.

SKIING

Tauno Puukinen of Flushing, N.Y. successfully defended 18-kilometer and 30-kilometer national cross-country titles at Willamette Pass, Ore.

Europe's "Little Olympics" brought out top skiers, triumphs for Finland's Arvo Viitanen in 15-kilometer cross-country and Antti Hivariainen in jumping competition. Austria's Tony Seiler won downhill event.

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings got ready for stretch run, swept past Toronto 2-1, Chicago 5-1, trilled first-place Montreal Canadiens, who lost to Toronto 3-1, New York 4-1, by single point in National Hockey League.

Colorado College beat Minnesota 4-3, bowed to North Dakota 4-3, held big lead in Western League; Princeton blanked Yale 3-0, Harvard trounced Dartmouth 10-0 in Ivy League; St. Lawrence topped Middlebury 5-1, Hamilton 13-3, Boston College 4-1.

ICE SKATING

Jay Hasbrouck of Newburgh, N.Y. piled up 160 points, took North American senior men's outdoor speed skating title at Saranac Lake, N.Y. Blonde Pat Gibson of West Allis, Wis. won four events, scored 140 points, captured senior women's crown.

Rimma Zhukawa dominated women's world speed skating championships at Kuopio, Finland, won title with 212.857 points.

BORSLEDDING

Wrightman (Bud) Washband of East Hartford, Conn. and Pat Martin of Massena, N.Y., zipped down Lake Placid run four times in 3:13.75, edged Art Tyler and Ed Seymour in Olympic tryouts.

BASEBALL

Willie Mays, New York Giants outfield star, slammed triple, three singles, knocked in winning run, helped Puerto Rico beat Cuba 7-6, clinch at least tie for Caribbean professional title at Caracas, Venezuela.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—Franklin Beattie, 43, veteran bobsledder, of injuries suffered when sled shot off zigzag curve on Mount Van Hoevenburg run during National AAU four-man championship race, at Lake Placid, N.Y.

DIED—Charles Gribbia, 52, horse trainer, stud manager, last caretaker of Man o' War, of heart attack, at Clifton Heights, Pa.

DIED—Eddie Hearne, 67, former top auto racing driver, National Speedway champion in 1923, runner-up in 1919 Indianapolis 500-mile race; at Los Angeles.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

[illegible]

PROFESSIONAL

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

[illegible]

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

ALSO RACING

LET PETTY, Beaudette, N.C., Grand Natl 300-m, each, with 69.82 mph avg. speed, in 1954 Chrysler, Jacksonville, Fla.

BOXING

BOB BAKER, 3-round KO over Willie James, heavyweight, Baltimore.

ALICE NEGRAND and HENRY HALL, 10-round draw, heavyweight, Berlin.

HOLLY MIKE, 10-round decision over Mike Savage, middleweight, New York.

GERRY SKYES, 8-round TKO over Jerry Joe King, middleweight, Mt. Rain Beach.

JOHN MCNEEL, 10-round split decision over Joe Hill, middleweight, Rochester, N.Y.

LUTHER RAWLINS, 10-round decision over Johnny Brown, welterweight, Chicago.

CARLOS ALONSO, 10-round decision over Jerry Kline, welterweight, Baltimore, N.Y.

EDDIE CHAVEZ, 10-round split decision over Marcel Cerdas, lightweight, San Francisco.

CARLOS CHAVEZ, 10-round split decision over Bobby Brown, lightweight, Los Angeles.

PAUL GILLES, 10-round decision over Sticks (Gid) Howard, lightweight, New Orleans.

DAVE GOWER, 10-round decision over Eric Marston, 1st British Empire Flyweight title, London.

CRICKET

MONTREAL WESTWARD, skippered by Glyn Smith, over Farnham, 12-4, Friday night, Hampden, U.S.N.Y.

GOO AND RACING

BOE ROLAND (LORDARD), Weymouth, Mass., 41-m, left dog, lost race, in 2:58.24, St. Gertr. Club.

HOCKEY

WEST Hockey League

1. Montreal	1-0-0	New York	3-0-0
W-3, L-1, T-0	3-0-0	1-4	
Pts 72			
2. Detroit	1-0-0	Chicago	5-0-0
W-3, L-0, T-0	3-1-0		
Pts 71			
3. Toronto	1-0-0	Montreal	2-0-0
W-2, L-0, T-1	1-1-0	Boston	3-0-0
Pts 61			
4. New York	4-0-0	Chicago	5-0-0
W-0, L-0, T-0	4-2	Toronto	3-3
Pts 58			
5. New York	2-2-0	Boston	5-0-0
W-4, L-2, T-1	3-2	Montreal	4-4
Pts 63			
6. Chicago	2-0-0	New York	Boston
W-3, L-1, T-0	2-2	2-4	1-5

HORE RACING

IN RESERVE, \$27,500 South Year Steep, F. J., by 21.55 lengths, in 1:32.71, Santa Anita Park, Calif. Jockey Lander.

1:40.7 (C) 22.7, Florida Amateur (Hendrick) Stakes, 1.31 by 10 lengths, at 10:23.5, Hialeah Park, Fla. Jockey Schwartz.

WIDE PLASH, \$75 Delmarwa Stakes, 1.11 by 12 lengths, at 9:22.3, Fair Grounds, New Orleans, (Norton) Spencer.

POLO

MONTICLON, L.L. over Altamco, C., 10-3, Sherman Memorial tournament, New York.

SHOOTING

(Great Southern Trapshoot, Jacksonville, Fla.)

G. V. NICHOLS, Daytona Beach, Fla., (Great Southern) men's champion, with 85 of 100.

MRS. CARL FLICK, Miami, (Great Southern) women's champion, with 81 of 100.

JOHN O. OLIVER, Toronto, doubles title, with M. E. DOR.

J. CALVIN MICHAEL, Aberdeen, Md., 16-yl singles, with 81 of 100.

SKIN

KITH WILSON, Stamford, Spence's, Colo. Class A jumping title, with 276, 254 m. 22.31, over Santa Susana carnival.

ALF DEVLIN, Lake Placid, N.Y., Class A jump, with 209, 210 m. 22.24, at Fort Belknap, Maryland.

JOHN BROWN, Iron Min. Club, Class A jump, with 209, 210 m. 21.6, at Ft. Belknap.

JOHN DECE, Haverhill, N.Y., State men's steeplechase, in 0:56.7, Saratoga Lake, N.Y.

KATHERINE COLE, Fort Leno, N.Y., State women's steeplechase, in 1:02.7, Saratoga Lake, N.Y.

TIGERS

1:50.61 MOYLAN, Trenton, N.J., over Beaudette Series, 6-2, 5-5, Maryland men's singles, Maryland Park.

KAROL VANDERBILT, Coral Gables, over Maryland, 9-3, 10-8, Maryland women's singles, Maryland Park.

RUSSELL PATTY, Los Angeles, over Frank F. Stewart, 6-2, 7-5, 5-3, Florida men's singles, Paris.

TOMMY VINCENT, Miami, over Geoffrey Ward, 6-1, 6-1, 6-0, California C. singles, London, France.

FLORENCE ADAMS, Philadelphia, over Eyer Davidson, 6-1, 6-0, 6-2, Philippine men's super, Manila.

TOMOGROWING

(European championship, Hohenhausen, Germany)

PAUL ARTE, Austria, men's long run title, in 5:24.46, in 4 hours.

KEITH ISSER and ARTE, Austria, two-men title, in 2:45.96 for 2 miles.

MARIA ISSER, Austria, women's single-center title, in 1:27.46 for 1 mile.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

February 18 through 27

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
- San Francisco vs. St. Mary's, San Francisco
- Wash. St. vs. Oregon St., Pullman, Wash. (Professionals)
- Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia

Boxing

- Erzard Charles vs. Charley Norias, heavyweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Tennis

USLTA men's indoor championships, New York

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
- Duke vs. Wake Forest, Durham, N.C.
- Kentucky vs. De Paul, Chicago
- Michigan vs. Minnesota, Ann Arbor, Mich., 3 p.m. (CBS)
- N. Carolina St. vs. Maryland, Raleigh, N.C.
- TCU vs. Rice, Ft. Worth, Texas
- Villanova vs. Duquesne, Philadelphia
- Wash. St. vs. Oregon St., Pullman, Wash.
- W. Va. vs. Geo. Washington, Morgantown, W. Va. (Professionals)
- Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis, 3 p.m. (NBC)
- New York vs. Syracuse, New York
- Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Rochester, N.Y.

Football

U.S. Olympic team try-outs, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. New York, Montreal
- Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto

Horse Racing

- Widener Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Hialeah Park, Fla. (CBS TV—4:30 p.m.; radio—4:45 p.m.)
- Santa Anita Derby, \$200,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Ice Skating

World speed skating championships, Moscow

Track & Field

- Natl. AAU championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual local blackout)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Basketball

- Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston
- Milwaukee vs. Ft. Wayne, Milwaukee
- Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis
- Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

- Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago
- New York vs. Detroit, New York

Sled Dog Derby

New England Sled Dog championship, Littleton, N.H.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Illinois vs. Iowa, Champaign, Ill.
- Kentucky vs. Vanderbilt, Lexington, Ky.
- Wake Forest vs. Maryland, Wake Forest, N.C.
- Wisconsin vs. Minnesota, Madison, Wis. (Professionals)
- Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Spencer, Ia.

Boxing

- Carmelo Costa vs. Bobby Bell, featherweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-local blackout)

- Rico Negro vs. Rafael Merentino, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
- Mance Harper vs. Italo Scorticchi, welterweights, San Francisco (10 rds.)

Field Trials

Natl. field trial championship, Grand Junction, Tenn.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit

Squash Racquets

U.S. women's singles, Haverford, Pa.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- N. Carolina St. vs. N. Carolina, Raleigh, N.C.
- San Jose St. vs. San Francisco, San Jose, Calif. (Professionals)
- Boston vs. Syracuse; New York vs. Philadelphia, New York, 5:15 p.m. (Mutual)
- Milwaukee vs. Rochester, Milwaukee

Horse Racing

Washington's Birthday Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (turf), 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Fordham vs. La Salle, New York
- Geo. Wash. vs. Wm. & Mary, Washington, D.C. (Professionals)
- Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne; Boston vs. Milwaukee, St. Louis
- New York vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

- Kid Gavlan vs. Hector Constance, welterweights, Miami Beach Auditor., (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Golf

Sarasota Women's Open, Sarasota, Fla.

Hockey

- Chicago vs. Boston, St. Paul, Minn.
- New York vs. Toronto, New York, 9:15 p.m. (Mutual)

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Georgetown vs. Maryland, Washington, D.C.
- Notre Dame vs. Marquette, South Bend, Ind. (Professionals)
- Milwaukee vs. Ft. Wayne; Minneapolis vs. Boston, Minneapolis
- Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.

Golf

Houston Open, Houston, Texas

Hockey

Montreal vs. Toronto, Montreal

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. sportsman race, Daytona Beach

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Cincinnati vs. Duquesne, Cincinnati
- Duke vs. N. Carolina, Durham, N.C.
- Kalamazoo vs. Missouri, Norman, Okla.
- Drexel St. vs. Drexel, Conover, Ore.
- UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles
- Utah vs. Wyoming, Salt Lake City (Professionals)
- Minneapolis vs. Boston, Moorhead, Minn.
- Philadelphia vs. New York, Philadelphia

Boxing

- Sandy Saddler vs. Teddy (Red Top) Davis, for

- featherweight title, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Court Tennis

World pro championship, Racquet Club, New York

Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago

Intl. championships begin, Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Krefeld and Cologne, W. Germany

Skating

Olympic jumping team try-outs, Van Alst., Mich.

Swimming

U.S. women's Pan American team try-outs, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

U.S. men's Pan American team try-outs, New Haven, Conn. and San Francisco

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

Auto Racing

NASCAR 125-m. sportsman and modified race, Daytona Beach

Basketball

(Leading college games)

- Dayton vs. Duquesne, Dayton, Ohio
- Iowa vs. Michigan, Iowa City, Iowa, 3 p.m. (CBS)
- Kentucky vs. Auburn, Lexington, Ky.
- La Salle vs. Temple, Philadelphia
- N. Carolina St. vs. Geo. Washington, Raleigh, N.C.
- Drexel vs. Drexel St., Eugene, Ore.
- Penn. vs. Columbia, Philadelphia
- Tulsa vs. St. Louis, Tulsa, Okla.
- UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles (Professionals)
- Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis
- New York vs. Milwaukee, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC)
- Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

Natl. women's doubles match game tournament begins, Detroit

Hockey

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal

Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto

Horse Racing

- Flamingo Stakes, \$148,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Hialeah Park, Fla. (CBS TV—4:30 p.m.; radio—4:45 p.m.)
- Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Ice Skating

Natl. indoor championships, Lake Placid, N.Y.

Polo

Sherman Memorial final, So. A. Army, N.Y.

Skating

Natl. jumping, cross-country, Nordic combined championships, Rumford, Maine

Track & Field

- IC4A championships, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 8:30 p.m. (Mutual local blackout)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Auto Racing

NASCAR 160-m. Grand Natl., Daytona Beach

Basketball

Boston vs. Milwaukee, Providence, R.I.

Ft. Wayne vs. New York, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Minneapolis vs. Rochester, Minneapolis

Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago

New York vs. Montreal, New York

Squash Racquets

U.S. vs. England, Wolfe-Noel Cup, Haverford, Pa.

SKIING

EAST vs. WEST

A directors' war splits the NSA

by EZRA BOWEN

At various times in the past 100 years spokesmen for the nation's less urban interests have remarked how well they could get along without the rich and populous East. One of the first great exponents of this theory was John C. Calhoun. The most recent is California's Albert Sigal, President of the National Ski Association, governing body for competitive and club skiing in the U.S.

At a special session of the directors of the NSA in Colorado Springs on December 18 and 19, Mr. Sigal was instrumental in securing a vote to move the executive office of the association from Barre, Mass.—where it had been for 18 years—to Denver, where Mr. Sigal and the delegates of four western divisions thought it should be.

AN UNEASY FEELING

To some easterners this move came as a surprise. Only a few real irreconcilables could still protest the right of the fast-rising West, which now embraces five of NSA's seven territorial divisions, to a strong voice in national skiing affairs. Some easterners even agreed with the principle of moving the executive office to Denver. But an uneasy feeling that the peppery Mr. Sigal had moved with inappropriate haste nonetheless prevailed. Mr. Sigal demurred.

"May I say to you, sir," said Mr. Sigal, "that the tail has been wagging the dog for 20 years, and it's not going to wag it any longer."

One difficulty is that the directors' decision leaves Roger Langley, Executive Secretary of NSA and its only regular paid officer, sitting in Barre, Mass. with four years still to go on a five-year contract and no apparent recourse but to resign.

Not only that—Langley was the association's president from 1936 to 1948, has served as secretary since the presidency was made a rotating office and deserves, so the outvoted directors feel, something better than the old heave-ho. As a further point of honor, some of the loyalists feel that, since

skiing has always been run from the East, the administration should be kept there. It was there that the sport first became popular, and there are still more Eastern NSA clubs than in all five western divisions combined. As far as the East is concerned, Langley and Barre still stand.

Sigal and Co., on the other hand, insist that the executive office is now in Denver and can operate quite handily from there without those who refuse to go along. "We," said Mr. Sigal, "don't need the East."

Beneath the booming of these cannon, a crackle of small-arms fire can be heard from an attendant skirmish. The National Ski Patrol System, a loosely organized group of volunteers that slows down schumboomers, insures skiers against injury and brings them down on toboggans when they have been hurt, has developed an East-West split of its own. The Patrol was started in 1938 in the East under Langley's NSA regime; but it was set up as a separate corporation for tax reasons and has, since 1950, been run from Denver by Edward Taylor, a confirmed westerner. But there are a number of anti-Taylorites in the eastern wing of the Patrol who have reduced the argument down to such minutiae as whether the easterners couldn't draw up a better skiers' insurance policy than the one the westerners put in operation. And as if that weren't complicated enough, the Patrol has become a prize in the greater war within the NSA.

The whole situation has long since become too complex for the majority of the nation's 2,500,000 weekend skiers who don't race, don't belong to ski clubs and don't really care whether the flag waves over Massachusetts or Colorado. The same may be said of many of the NSA's 50,000 club members, who are beginning to think rather seriously of dropping the directors and just going skiing.

CALM HEADS FOR A SOLUTION

If that happens, the NSA has had it, and to prevent such a collapse a few calm heads on the top level are working on a solution to present to the NSA convention in May. Furthermore, they know an Olympic year is approaching and, world competition being what it is, no one on either side can afford to find himself in a public wrangle over, say, the selection of the U.S. Olympic ski team. "After all," admitted one embattled official, "there are some things you have to do together."

END

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BIG TRAIN VS. BIG MYTH

Walter Johnson 'duplicated' a pitch that George Washington never made

THE Rev. Mason L. Weems knew practically nothing about George Washington's boyhood years at Ferry Farm on the bank of the Rappahannock River in Fredericksburg, Va. Perhaps on the theory that an entertaining fiction is much better than nothing, he wrote (about 1800) *The Life and Memorable Actions of George Washington*, a highly imaginative effort to endow George with a youth worthy of a future president. One of the "memorable actions" recorded was George's confession of chopping down a cherry tree. Another was his casual pitching feat which spun a stone (or silver dollar) across the Rappahannock.

In planning the 1936 anniversary of Washington's birth, the people of Fredericksburg decided to honor (besides Washington) these two Weems fables. They therefore arranged to plant 200 cherry trees along a boulevard being built to Ferry Farm, which is half a mile from the center of town, and they invited Walter Johnson (the Washington Senators' greatest all-time pitcher) to come down from his Maryland farm and try the silver dollar trick.

In Washington, D.C., Rep. Sol Bloom of New York, director of the U.S. George Washington Bicentennial Commission, put Johnson on the front page by saying he would bet 20 to 1 the Big Train couldn't pitch a dollar across the river. Moreover, contended Bloom, he would fail at a puny task compared to the one accomplished by the father of our country. According to a Colonial map, Bloom said, the

Rappahannock in 1748 was 1,320 feet wide. (In 1936 it was 272 feet wide.) Commonwealth Attorney W. B. F. Cole refuted Bloom's statistic: "A high water mark like that would have flooded Fredericksburg off the map. Mary Washington would have had to use a rowboat to get out of her home."

Meanwhile Johnson was warming up his arm for the big chore, now the most important part of the February 22 celebration. He sent the following word to the Fredericksburg cheering section: "I am practicing with a dollar against my barn door. Arm getting stronger, barn door weaker."

Despite the fact that the Rappahannock was edged with ice and its banks snow covered, a shivering 1,000 people surrounded Johnson the afternoon of the 22nd as he took off his coat and advanced to make his toss. Across the river 3,000 more shivering people waited, hoping to catch the coin. Actually, Johnson had three silver dollars. The first two, however, were for practice throws. The third (official) one was engraved with the date and Johnson's name. The first dollar fell into the river. On the second try, however, Johnson succeeded. The third coin flew triumphantly into the waiting crowd, covering a distance of 286 feet 6 inches. Johnson returned to Maryland in triumph. He was perhaps unmindful of the fact that the hero of Rev. Weems's fiction had accomplished the feat while only 11 years old.

(END)



SHIRT-SLEEVED JOHNSON FOLLOWED THROUGH ON PERFECT PITCH OF SILVER DOLLAR ACROSS THE ICE-EDGED RAPPAHANNOCK

SOME REAL AMERICAN CONFIDENCE

Sirs:

I was particularly interested in the Jan. 31 article misnamed *How Russia Outshoots Us*. It was a very informative article but really didn't tell us how they did outshoot us. They beat us with training and know-how. They beat us at a match that was termed "something we know about." They used American pistols and ammunition and did it. I wonder how many of them shot an American pistol before that meet? Yet they beat us at our specialty and with our equipment at that. They just know how to stay cool and shoot. Give a little credit where credit is due instead of making such silly excuses for our defeat. It's worse to be a poor loser and make absurd excuses.

Another thing that thoroughly irks me is the defeatist attitude that was shown in the article. Twice in fact. You state that Russia boasts a victory in the Olympics, and say that they probably will beat us on the theory that "We can't shoot." That is about as absurd as *Woe Sente* admitting that he can't run the mile under four minutes. What American shooters and sportsmen need is some real American confidence.

It's not the fancy firearms or special "clothing"; it's merely a matter of determination, and, remember, the Russians only have two hands and put their pants on one leg at a time. . . .

GEORGE E. STOCKING

Whitefish, Mont.

A STATE OF ANXIETY

Sirs:

I have just read your article *How Russia Outshoots Us*.

I am a little hazy on one point.

Why can't we allow our standard of living and willingness to send aid to foreign countries to speak for our superiority over Russia? Why can't we enter international sports to win for the love of winning and not to influence the political world as Russia does?

We and other countries know that Russian athletes are "pros," so why reach a state of anxiety?

ALLAN B. PACKMAN

Philadelphia

WHO KNOWS? WHO'S HEARD?

Sirs:

In the Jan. 31st issue of SI there was a fine article on *How Russia Outshoots Us*. I would like to point out a few facts which you might already know. We have a similar system as Russia of picking team members for the ISU and Olympic matches in our Regional tournaments. We do not all adopt the same firing position because we feel that the human body differs in structure. We do fire three-position indoors but, as you said, we do very little three-position shooting outdoors. It is also true, as you stated, that we lack the ranges to fire on.

So the Russians outshot us at the International Shooting Union matches! What should we do? What can we do? Everyone knows of the Olympics, but how many know that target shooting is an Olympic

event? How many people know that NRA stands for the National Rifle Association of America, the governing body for the target shooters in the United States?

Why haven't people heard about target shooting? The answer to this seems to be that there is no publicity to amount to anything for the sport. A bullfight in Spain, or a dog race in Florida can get better write-ups in newspapers than a local shooter can by firing a new national record. To most people a "free" rifle match is one in which there is no entry fee.

RONALD SILBER

Secretary

Bohl Rifle Club

Cincinnati

A SIGNIFICANT MOTION

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI and to Paul Walker for an excellent accounting of the ISU competition at Caracas.

Your attention is called to a significant motion made at the meeting of the National Rifle Association Executive Committee: "That a minimum of four Regional tournaments in each category of international-type competition be held, this number to include any regular Regional tournaments which elect to conduct an adequate program of international-type."

Progress is being made, but it takes time and effort on the part of many. Thanks to SI for the boost.

RODNEY W. PIERCE

President, Central New York

Pistol and Revolver League

Hamilton, N.Y.

A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE

Sirs:

First, let me congratulate you on publishing the best sports magazine in the country. But, why all this crying about the bad old Russians beating the poor old U.S.A. at shooting, weight lifting and the next Olympics? It seems to me that it is not so long ago that the poor old U.S.A. was bragging about beating everybody else in Olympic games and other sports events. Now you must take a little of your own medicine.

Personally, the reason why the Russians are winning is that they are training correctly. I know from experience that you can't be an athlete only half of the year. You have to train all the time to stay in top shape. . . . The Russians train all the time as they should but it seems to me that the athletes from the U.S.A. train seasonally.

Better wake up, boys.

W. E. MACDONALD

Saint John, N.B., Canada

HE SAID IT IN 394 A.D.

Sirs:

I feel the time has come to let off a little steam.

The point in question refers to Jimmy Jemal and his so-called Horroxx. The question for next week's issue (Feb. 14) is scheduled to be: "How can the U.S. win the Olympic Games?"

It may come as a blow to all the "sport-minded" persons whose present and past interests deal with the Olympics, but the games were not originated nor revived to bring about a free-for-all for national honor!

In fact, the original Olympics were halted in 394 A.D. by the Roman Emperor Theodosius who said that they no longer served their purpose—that of fostering good will among nations.

It is my opinion, and I hope that of others, that now is the time to present the Olympics as they were intended.

Who is to blame for the Olympics not being such? The sportswriters of America are big enough men to shoulder a large portion with their articles of win, win, win, for the U.S.A.

Come on, guys; national honor gained through individual prestige is one thing, but let's not have any five-year plans in our own backyard!

The words of Baron de Coubertin, the man responsible for reviving the sport festival, best explain the spirit that should be present in all of us. And, by the way, he was French!

"THE IMPORTANT THING IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES IS NOT IN WINNING, BUT TAKING PART."

ED FITZPATRICK

Geneva, N.Y.

NO CONDITION OF PURCHASE

Sirs:

As an avid football fan, I also enjoy watching the best game available; however, I feel that a number of the letter writers to SI in the Jan. 24 issue have failed to consider several important points in their arguments for unlimited TV of all games.

No college, to my recollection, has obligated itself or its funds toward satisfaction of the TV audience of the country, nor has any school received contributions from the fans if such an obligation exists. I have never seen a TV set purchase order which promised in any manner to furnish the buyer of the set with the best in football as a condition of purchase (any owner who believes that he has such a right should rush to the nearest lawyer). Then, on what grounds do these armchair quarterbacks, who have merely paid for TV sets and electric bills, expect the majority of schools, which have not professionalized their teams, to commit financial bars-kin at the stadium gates? If some schools do not believe that the present policy is correct, let them secede from the NCAA and compete with the pros.

I recommend that all these ardent supporters of unlimited TV present a constructive solution toward the replacement of these losses before leveling criticism.

I enjoy reading SI and find each copy an improvement over the last. Keep up the good work.

JAMES F. POTTER

New York

THE BEST—OR NONE

Sirs:

What the officials of the NCAA do not comprehend in their objection to regional

television of football is that we in the Big Ten are no more interested in Eastern football than you New Yorkers would be excited over Minneapolis professional baseball. You certainly wouldn't bother to watch it on television.

The NCAA should consider presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty's reply to newsmen who objected to President Eisenhower's first televised news conference as a "production." Said Hagerty, "We are in the 20th century—the second part."

In this second part of the 20th century TV football fans will watch top-grade football games on TV or none. The Midwest may have provincial standards along many lines, but we believe we have the finest college football in America.

JOHN K. MACKENZIE
Golden Valley, Minn.

TV QUARTERBACK INC.
Sirs:

As National Director of the American TV College Football Fans, a group I helped form partly because of the great interest SI's readers and other fans have shown in the current TV controversy, I would like to set forth our purposes. They are:

1) To organize the American college football television fans into an actual membership.

2) To develop ways and means to encourage our membership in attending college football games as much as possible. There shall be two national "Go To The Game" weeks each year.

3) To present the fans' views on the television issue to the NCAA TV Committee.

4) To devote ways and means to explore and study subscription television on the voluntary "Pay As You See" plan as a possible solution to the television issue.

5) To ask our membership to select their All-American team each year.

The American Television College Football Fans is a nonprofit corporation. . .

Mr. Bernard Honan, Lebanon, Ind., described himself as low man on the totem pole in his letter to SI, Jan. 24. Believe me, when we get together things will be a little different. The TV fans will pull college football out of the fire, and so it should be.

JACK TRINKEY
TV Quarterback
Box 1512

New York

ANY DAY BUT SATURDAY
Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on your fine magazine.

But my main reason for writing is to offer a suggestion to the NCAA's television problem. My plan is to have an uncontrolled television plan with one all-important factor: That factor is to have all televised games on any day but Saturday, when most of the country's football teams play. This would enable people to see local teams on a Saturday and the country's best on another day.

DONALD CASCIATO

Oaklyn, N.J.

FOUR MEN AND 12 HORSES
Sirs:

After reading the splendid article on polo by artist-polo player Peter Hurd (SI, Nov. 8) we wrote him a letter and arranged for a game. Some friends and I took 12 head of horses and journeyed some 100

miles to Mr. Hurd's ranch in the mountains above Roswell, N.M.

We found everything just as he had described it in his article, but for one thing he would not tell you—of the genuine warm-hearted hospitality extended by the Hurd, Pete and Henriette. She is a well recognized artist in her own right as Henriette Wyeth.

Oh, yes, we split the two-game series, which happily demands a rematch.

JYE STONESS

Midland, Tex.

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER
Sirs:

What you have done to this Methodist preacher ex-missionary! You have turned me into an addict.

I bought a subscription in advance of your first issue because I have been a sports enthusiast for most of my 70 years—playing football and basketball, boxing a little, watching other sports. The first two or three numbers cooled my enthusiasm somewhat and I decided not to renew the subscription. And now? The Jan. 24 and 31 issues have been read almost literally from cover to cover. (I did omit the cigarette ad on the back cover of the number just read since dinner.)

One slight criticism. In the excellent story of Horseshoe Plantation (Jan. 24) why was there no picture or mention of Superintendent Goode? Twice in the past few years he has showed Southern hospitality coupled with an intense knowledge of and love for the wide-spreading plantation and its wildlife, so that this Yankee visitor rates the two brief visits to the Goodes among the top experiences of his travels.

Oh, yes. Of course I shall renew when the time comes.

FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT
Maplewood, N.J.



SUPERINTENDENT GOODE

● Photographer Frissell found Mr. Goode even more elusive than his hobwhite quail.—E.D.

TO CONTEMPLATE MANY THINGS
Sirs:

It was cold standing in the Sacramento River yesterday morning and the hand warmer added little to help the aching and numb hands. No steelhead chanced to take the lure (though a fresh-run 12-pound spring salmon did) and I had time to contemplate many things, including my disappointment over the fishing coverage by SI.

When I returned to my home the postman had left SI, Feb. 7 and, at long last, a fishing story, *Pautzke and His Superstreak*

made the long wait worth-while. It is an excellent story, written by men who must know what it feels like to have a steelhead hit and make his presence known. Would that we had more big steelhead in the Sacramento, like the 20-pound buck Pautzke is holding in the illustration. . . .

C. A. STROMBERG

Cornig, Calif.

THAT AMAZING MAN
Sirs:

Joe Miller and Paul O'Neill's coverage of the steelhead and proclaiming Washington State the steelhead capital, has more than compensated for any previous omissions of fishing in the Northwest. A truly fine article.

Owning and operating a small hunting and fishing lodge along the rustic, congenially simple atmosphere instead of the usual flashy, highly commercialized run of resorts, I felt a bit remote from the fast moving pursuit of sports—yet Pautzke, an amazing man doing an amazing job, certainly typifies the heavy Washington sportsman. We call the steelhead tops in the fishing sports.

Thanks again to SI for hitting home with a fine article.

J. E. DENTON

Chehalis, Wash.

WELL-KNOWN FIRSTS
Sirs:

I was interested in the article on basketball by Grace Naismith (SI, Jan. 31).

The photograph of the first team is a fine historical item. Would it be possible for you to identify the other players in the picture? I think there may be several individuals, who later became rather well known, among them possibly Amos Alonzo Stagg, who was at Springfield at that time.

BRUCE L. BENNETT

Worthington, O.



FIRST TEAM

● Stagg was a member of the class, but is not in this picture. Present here are back row, left to right, John G. Thompson, Eugene S. Libby, Edwin P. Ruggles, William R. Chase, A. Duncan Patton; center row, Frank Maham, Dr. Naismith; front row, Finlay MacDonald, William H. Davis, Lyman W. Archibald.—E.D.

PRESERVE, OH GOO, THE ORTHODOX
Sirs:

Those who delight to ride to hounds, Observe the most correct of bounds In dress and gear: pink coats, fresh stocks,

continued on next page

And each his fitted sandwich box.

A delish tyro tried a steal
Well taped to guard the ghost of Peet:
He thought to ride to hounds for fox
Without a proper sandwich box!

He'd not be Custom's lauding slave!
Instead, he showed a boorish knave,
A stupid oaf, a clumsy os,
Thus destitute of sandwich box.

Twelve-hundred-fifty-dollars-odd
Of kit bedight the erring clod,
All waste without the orthodox
(Or forty-dollar) sandwich box!

From hat to boots he had no lack;
He'd noble horse, the finest tack,
Yet well he earned the Master's knocks
For sporting, thus, the sandwich box.

Quoth Master, "Sneak! Never think
That you'll be hid turn out in pink!
Oh, better far to lose the fox
Than ride without a sandwich box!"

The penalty was fair, in main,
To take Tradition so in vain,
To take all culture on the rocks,
Preserve, oh God, the sandwich box!

LOUIS W. HUTTONS

Washington, D.C.

CLOCKS THAT CHOP

Sirs:

While reading your bobbedding article (I have never seen a bobbed), one question went through my mind which I think other unsatisfied readers might wonder about, too. Since races are won by such minutely small hunks of time (.03 second), where precisely does the timing start? Is the sled in motion when the timing starts (like the cars in the Indianapolis race) or is everything started from a dead standstill? The difference in teams can be in the strength of the legs of the brakemen, I would think.

How did they time these things before we had electronic clocks that chop up a second so finely?

RENEARD A. KEYIAN

Albany, N.Y.

● Crew has a few feet to get sled in motion before breaking electric eye on top of run. The skill of the driver far outweighs any possible advantage gained by a hard-pushing brakeman. Before electronic clocks, run started when the sled broke a string stretched across the track connected to a clock. —ED.

GREAT TIPS

Sirs:

Without doubt SI covers sports both in text and illustration better than anything so far published. Your weekly Tip From THE TOP on golf is great. Very concise,

clear and to the point. I sure hope that you have arranged to publish this particular item in some handy form, pamphlet or otherwise, for future ready reference. And if and when you do, please put me down for a copy of it.

Newton, N.J.

● Reader DuPont's name will be added to a growing list. —ED.

THE EGGLY AND I

Sirs:

You published a cartoon with the name "Eggly" in the gag line (*see cut*). I have often seen the name but never before spelled as our family name.

It is often spelled Eggie, Eggle or Eggle or even Egle. The first-senders of Christmas cards in England spelled it Eggle. I believe his name was William Eggle.

I and the members of the family would like to know if your cartoonist just got the name out of the air or had he seen it before. We hope that maybe your cartoonist is an old friend of someone in our family. Maybe he just believed it a funny name for a good cartoon in a great new magazine.

Green City, N.J.

JAY H. EGGY



● Artist Shirvanian thought deeply, recalled that 15 years ago he took a physical education course at the Elliott Street School in Newark from a Mr. Eggle. Come to think of it, we knew a Florence Eggle in grade school. All this proves you can't put all your Egglys in one basket. —ED.

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

Sirs:

I am writing with respect to the article entitled *Nonillion-Seven Bridge Mystery*, which appeared in the Jan. 24 issue.

I believe that Meers, Shewald and Jacoly have erred in their computation of the number of possible bridge hands. Specifically, they allowed for the arrangements of hands around the table, when actually the basic equation, $52!/(13! (13!) (13!) (13!)$,

already allows for just that. True, the 24 possible arrangements of hands must be considered. But rather than multiply the expansion of the foregoing equation by 24 to take care of the possible arrangements, the expansion should be divided by 24 if the possible arrangements are not to be considered.

There is, moreover, an arithmetic mistake in the big number in the first paragraph. The last six digits as shown are 599,999 but they should be 599,996.

With an ordinary desk calculating machine I verified in about 10 minutes the IBM computation as being correct for as many places as are shown in the article. The full odds against any specific four bridge hands occurring in a specified arrangement are 53,644,747,765,488,792,839,287,449,999 to 1.

I would welcome Mr. Shewald or Mr. Jacoly's reaction to the above, since permutations and combinations are always confusing, and the sheer magnitude of the numbers involved makes their verification unwieldy.

J. HUNTER McDOWELL
Dressel Hill, Pa.

I'M NOT DOGMATIC, BUT . . .

Sirs:

I was astounded to find that many so-called mathematicians were stumped by a problem which was so easy that it taxes my imagination why 84 made a bulla-bulloo over it in the first place. The IBM mathematicians were correct in their solution. It took me less than five minutes to get the correct answer.

If Alfred Shewald or Oswald Jacoly have the correct answer, they can rub my eyes but not make me any wiser.

In working this problem I would like to give credit to Thornton C. Fry, Ph.D. His tables of factorials of logarithms saved me time and work in computing this problem. These tables appeared in the book *Probability and Its Engineering Uses*.

I computed this problem by logarithms to simplify my work and here is the solution:

PA—11 8027829990

PB—9.9096857336

PC—7.0170583940

Converting into a number the answer is the same as the IBM mathematicians, which is 53645 times 10 to the 28th power.

I am not dogmatic, but I'll stake my reputation that my answer is correct.

SOL TIMANOFF

Baltimore

● Al Shewald will have to make his bid but do. Readers McDowell and Timanoff are both right: the basic equation allowed for all possible arrangements of hands. —ED.



"Golf!"



It's the whisky
in the bottle



that keeps Early Times
on top

Early Times is so fine, so traditionally perfect that millions of Americans have made this premium quality whisky the top-selling 86 proof straight bourbon in all America. Embodying the great tradition of Old Style Kentucky Distilling, Early Times is bottled only at the peak of perfection—Truly, Every Ounce a Man's Whisky



AMERICA'S TOP-SELLING 86 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKY

Every ounce a Man's whisky

Every
flair fashioned inch
says "Let's Go!"
.....

Let's say you're on your way to a party, your car's not too old, Ram's ok. Plenty of miles left in her. So you're driving home, wondering what's for dinner, and a Dodge Custom Royal Laurel goes flashing by. All of a sudden as you take in its gleaming length you realize there's more to owning a car than just transportation. Something you're missing. There's the sheer joy of posing places in a car so long and sleek, it gives you a lift just to look at it. There's the feeling of command in the stirring 194 hp Super-Ventured Super Real Ram V-8 engine.

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